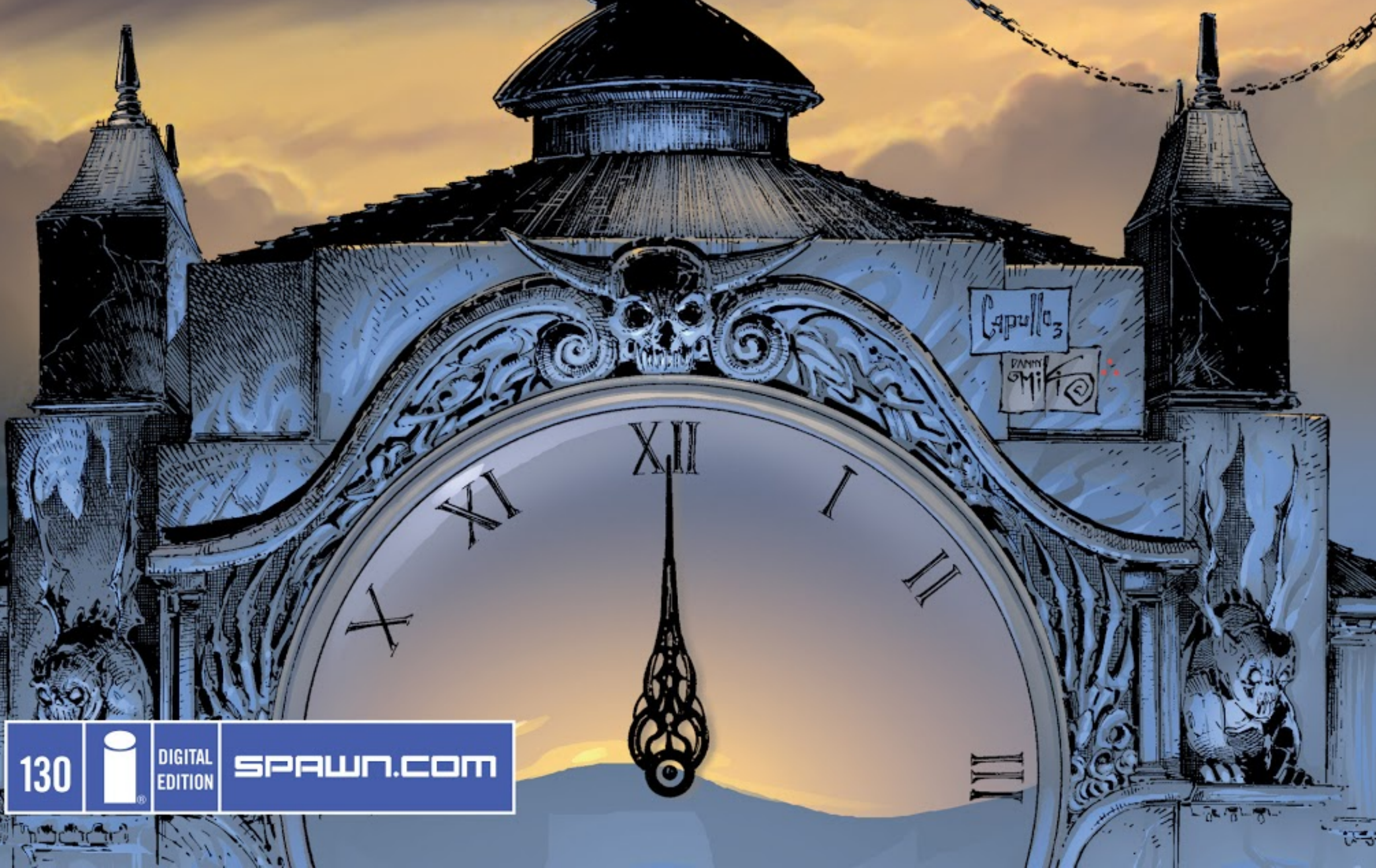


SPAWN



IN THE
HOUSE
ON
MARSTON
STREET
THERE
ARE
SEVEN
AND A
HALF
GHOSTS.



IT STANDS LIKE
A LONE SENTRY
IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE WEED-
CHOKED FIELD.
THE REST OF THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
WAS BULLDOZED
UNDER,
DECADES AGO.

NO ONE
THINKS ABOUT
IT OR EVEN
BOTHERS TO
LOOK AT IT
MUCH
ANYMORE.

NO ONE EXCEPT FOR THE LOST ONES,
THE DESPERATE SOULS CAUGHT
BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

THEY'RE DRAWN
TO IT LIKE MOTHS
TO A CANDLE.

MAGGIE
ISN'T THE
OLDEST, BUT
SHE'S LIVED
HERE THE
LONGEST.
THIS USED
TO BE HER
HOUSE.

ONE
CHRISTMAS
SHE WAS
POISONED
BY GREEDY
RELATIVES
WHO THOUGHT
SHE HAD A
FORTUNE
HIDDEN
UNDER THE
FLOORBOARDS.
SHE DIDN'T.

OCCASIONALLY,
MAGGIE
THROWS A FIT
AND CHUCKS
TEACUPS OUT
THE KITCHEN
WINDOW.

PETER
FROZE TO
DEATH IN
1843 WHEN
AN EARLY
SNOW
TRAPPED
HIM HIS
CABIN
WITHOUT
ANY FUEL
TO BURN.

HE USED
TO WANDER
AROUND
BOSTON'S
BACK BAY,
STARING
THROUGH
WINDOWS
AT FAMILIES
GATHERED
AROUND THE
FIREPLACE.

THEN HE
MOVED INTO
THE HOUSE
ON MARSTON
STREET.

SALLY
NEVER
SAW HER
KILLER'S
FACE.

IN 1930, SALLY
WAS A SEVEN-
YEAR-OLD GIRL.
SHE WAS PLAYING
JUMP ROPE IN
FRONT OF HER
APARTMENT WHEN
SOMEONE DRAGGED
HER INTO AN ALLEY
AND SLIT HER
THROAT.

BAZ WAS
AN UP-AND-
COMING JAZZ
TRUMPETER
FROM MACON,
GEORGIA. HE
PLAYED THE
EAST COAST
CIRCUIT AND
WAS STARTING
TO MAKE A
NAME FOR
HIMSELF.

ON HIS TWENTY-
THIRD BIRTHDAY, BAZ
CELEBRATED WITH A
STEAK DINNER, A
BOTTLE OF WHISKEY
AND AN OVERDOSE OF
CHEAP HEROIN.

HE LISTENS
TO THE SLOW
DRIP OF THE
FAUCET AND
TAPS OUT
COMPLICATED
RHYTHMS
WITH HIS
FINGERS.

SILAS WAS A BUSBOY
AT A FANCY HOTEL IN
DOWNTOWN BOSTON.

ON A SUMMER
DAY IN 1947
HE SNUCK A
SIP OF ICE-TEA
FROM THE
GLASS HE WAS
CARRYING TO
A WHITE
CUSTOMER.

THE
CUSTOMER
FLEW INTO
A RAGE AND
BEAT SILAS
TO DEATH
WITH HIS
CANE. THE
MAN WAS
ARRESTED
AND
EVENTUALLY
FINED SEVEN
DOLLARS.

IMELDA
HAD
ALLOWED
HERSELF
BECOME
PREGNANT
BY
ANOTHER
MAN
WHILE HER
HUSBAND
WAS AWAY
AT WAR.


SHE DIED
FROM AN
INFECTION
FOLLOWING
AN ILLEGAL
ABORTION.

IF SHE
HAD KEPT
THE BABY,
SHE WOULD
HAVE
NAMED IT
JOSEPHINA,
AFTER HER
GRAND-
MOTHER.

THERE'S
ANOTHER
GHOST,
ONE WE
DON'T
TALK
ABOUT.
HE LIVES
IN THE
CELLAR.

AND
THEN
THERE'S
ME.

MY
NAME IS
MAX.



I'M NOT A GHOST.
NOT REALLY. I'M
NOT SURE WHAT I
AM. I'M NOT ALIVE,
I KNOW THAT. BUT
I'M NOT DEAD
EITHER. I'M KIND
OF IN-BETWEEN.

I'M IN THE GRAY
SPACES, I GUESS.

IT ALL
STARTED
WHEN I RAN
AWAY FROM
HOME. MY
FOLKS HAD
SPLIT UP
AND THINGS
GOT PRETTY
TOUGH AT
HOME.

ACTUALLY, THAT WEREN'T THAT
BAD. IT JUST SEEMED LIKE IT AT
THE TIME. LOOKING BACK NOW, I
REALIZE I HAD IT PRETTY GOOD.

THEN I MET
DAWN. SHE WAS
BEAUTIFUL AND
MYSTERIOUS AND
WILD. EVERYTHING
I WASN'T. SHE
BELONGED TO THIS
WEIRD GROUP
CALLED THE
KINGDOM.

TURNS OUT
THEY WERE
VAMPIRES.
DAWN WAS
GOING TO
MAKE ME
INTO ONE OF
THEM.

INSTEAD, I
JUST KIND OF
VANISHED.
EVERY DAY,
EVERY WEEK,
I FEEL THE
LIFE IN ME
GROW
THINNER AND
THINNER.

BUT THEY
WERE ALL
KILLED
BEFORE SHE
COULD
FINISH IT.

I'M
FADING
AWAY,
LIKE A
SHADOW
ON THE
WALL.

I MISS MY LIFE. I MISS MY
X-BOX AND McDONALDS
AND WAKING UP ON THE
FIRST DAY OF SUMMER
VACATION AND REALIZING
I DON'T HAVE TO GO TO
SCHOOL.

BUT MOSTLY I
MISS MY FAMILY.

EN ROUTE
TO
BOSTON.

YOU
DOING
OKAY?

YEAH.

SORRY
I SHOT
YOU.

IT'S ALL
RIGHT.

SO
YOU'RE...
UM... ALIVE
AGAIN.

YEP.

GOOD.
GIVES ME
HOPE.

HOW
DOES THIS
WORK
EXACTLY?

MAGIC, I GUESS.
THREE DROPS OF YOUR
BLOOD, A HAIR FROM
YOUR SON'S HEAD AND A
NEEDLE MADE FROM A
LODESTONE.

NYX SAID IT
SHOULD WORK
LIKE A COMPASS,
LEAD US IN THE
DIRECTION OF
YOUR SON.

THIS NYX
PERSON... SHE
SEEMED NICE.
YOU TRUST
HER?

PRETTY MUCH.
SHE'S GOOD TO ME.
HELPING ME FIGURE
THINGS OUT.

ON THE
OTHER HAND,
THE FIRST NIGHT
I MET HER, SHE
CUT MY CHEST
OPEN AND SEWED
MY **SHADOW**
ON TO MY
HEART.

OH.

MANHATTAN.

BURKE! GRAB
YOUR PARTNER AND
GET YOUR ASSES IN
GEAR. THERE'S BEEN
ANOTHER ONE OF
THOSE "WANDA"
MURDERS!

JEEZ,
YOU'RE
KIDDING.
WHERE?

BEHIND A
BEAUTY SHOP
ON WATER
STREET. I WANT
YOU AND TWITCH
THERE
YESTERDAY.

ALL
RIGHT.
ALL RIGHT.
I'M ALL
OVER IT.

GODDAMN
IT, TWITCH.

WHERE
THE HELL
ARE
YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MAX?

NOTHING. JUST LOOKING.

DON'T YOU LIKE IT HERE?

IT'S OKAY. I MISS HOME, I GUESS.

YOU STILL REMEMBER HOME? I DON'T REMEMBER TOO MUCH ANYMORE. DID YOU HAVE BROTHERS AND SISTERS?

YEAH. LIKE A BILLION OF THEM.

I WAS A ONLY CHILD. THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT HERE. I DON'T HAVE TO EVER BE ALONE. **BAD THINGS** CAN HAPPEN WHEN YOU'RE ALONE.

BAD THINGS CAN HAPPEN ANYTIME.

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK? I LOOK OUT AT THE DIRT AND THE EMPTY LOTS AND STUFF AND PRETEND IT'S LIKE A OCEAN, YOU KNOW?

AND THIS HOUSE IS LIKE OUR **CASTLE**. AND THE WORLD HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY **BAD PEOPLE** AND WE'RE THE ONLY GOOD PEOPLE LEFT.

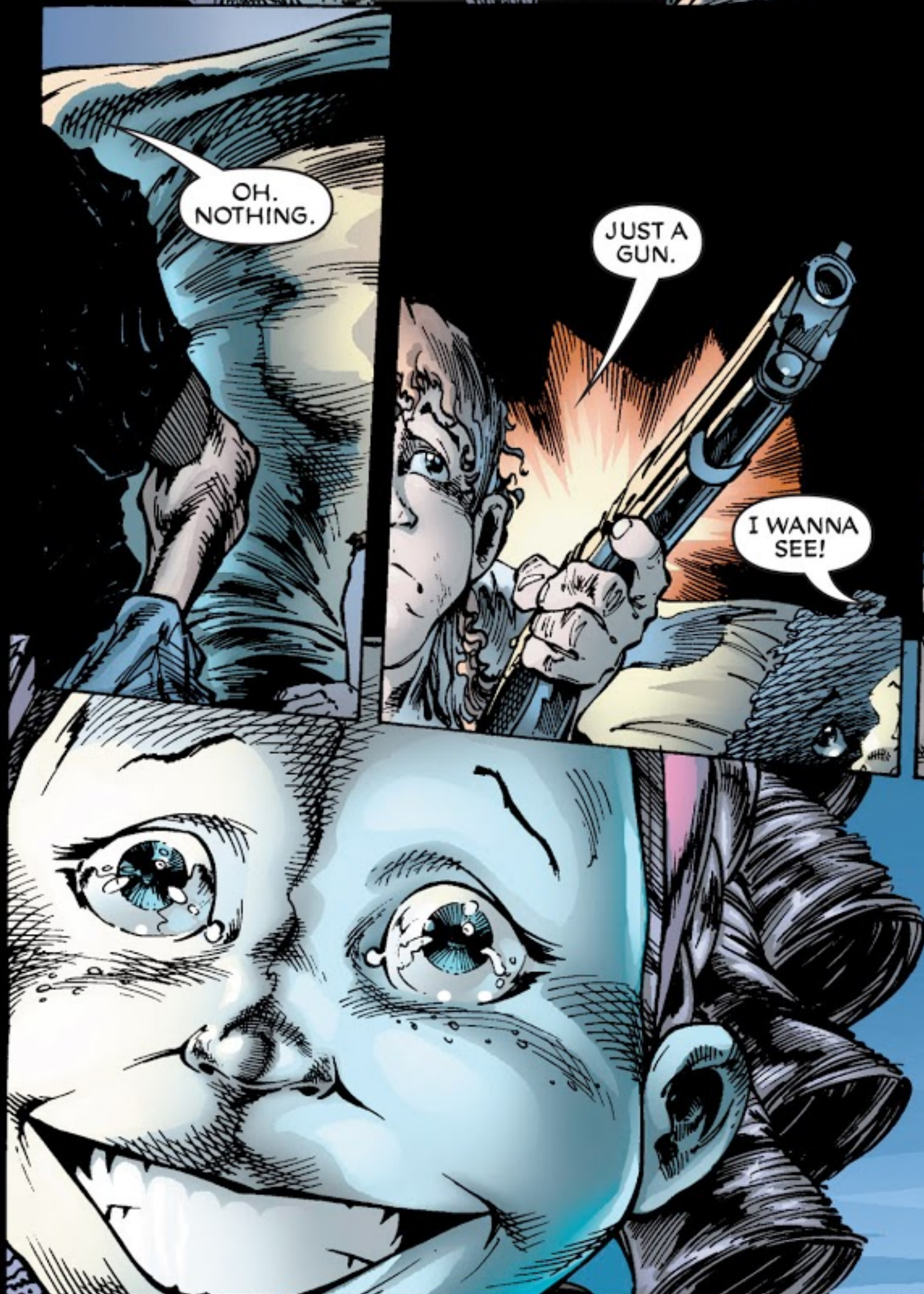
AND WE'RE GOING TO STICK TOGETHER AND SAVE THE CASTLE NO MATTER WHAT. RIGHT? WE'RE A **TEAM!** OR A CLUB. THE **NO BAD PEOPLE CLUB!**



OKAY. THAT'S KINDA COOL. YOU GOT A GOOD IMAGINATION.

THANKS.

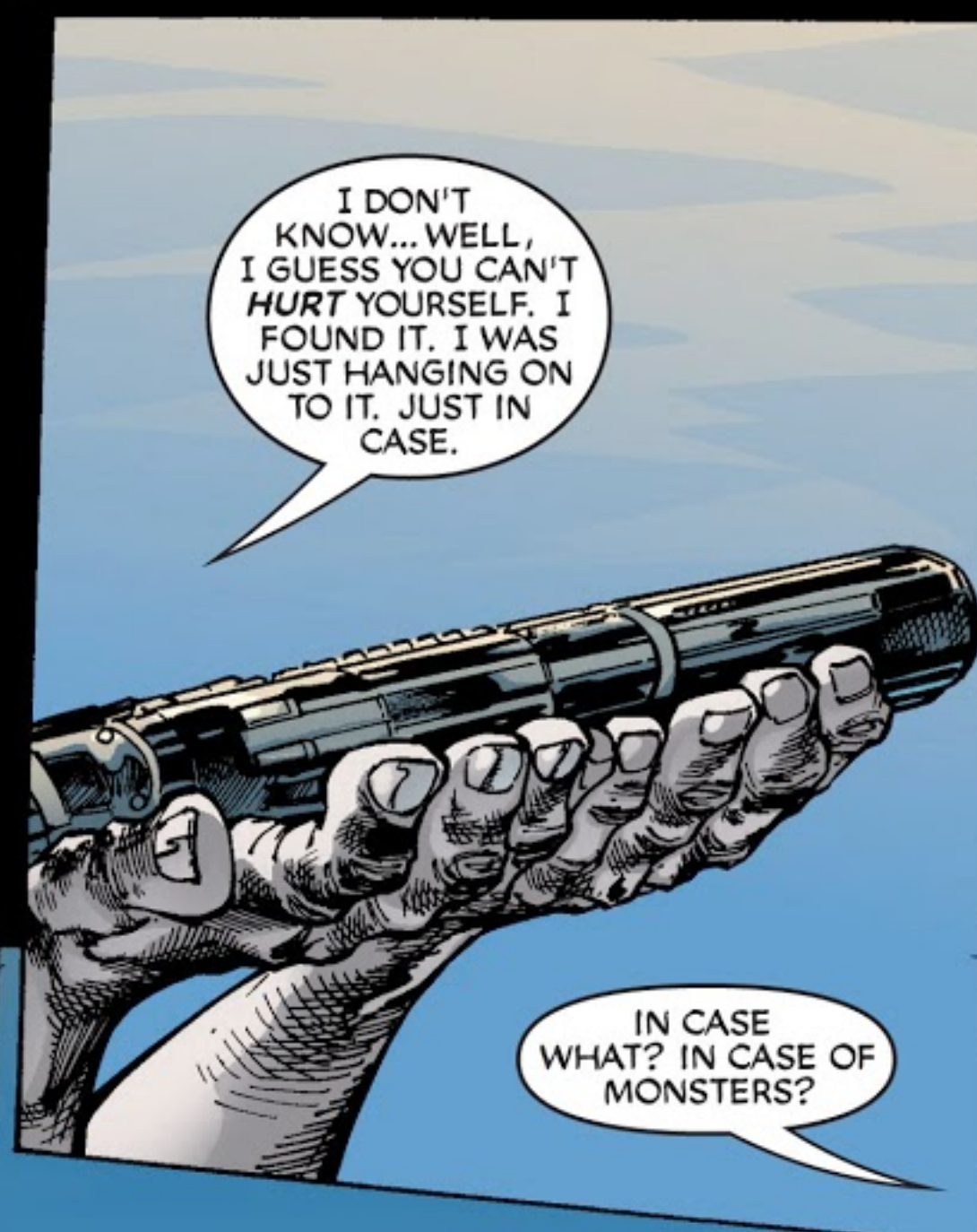
WHAT'S THAT? IN YOUR POCKET.



OH. NOTHING.

JUST A GUN.

I WANNA SEE!



I DON'T KNOW... WELL, I GUESS YOU CAN'T **HURT** YOURSELF. I FOUND IT. I WAS JUST HANGING ON TO IT. JUST IN CASE.

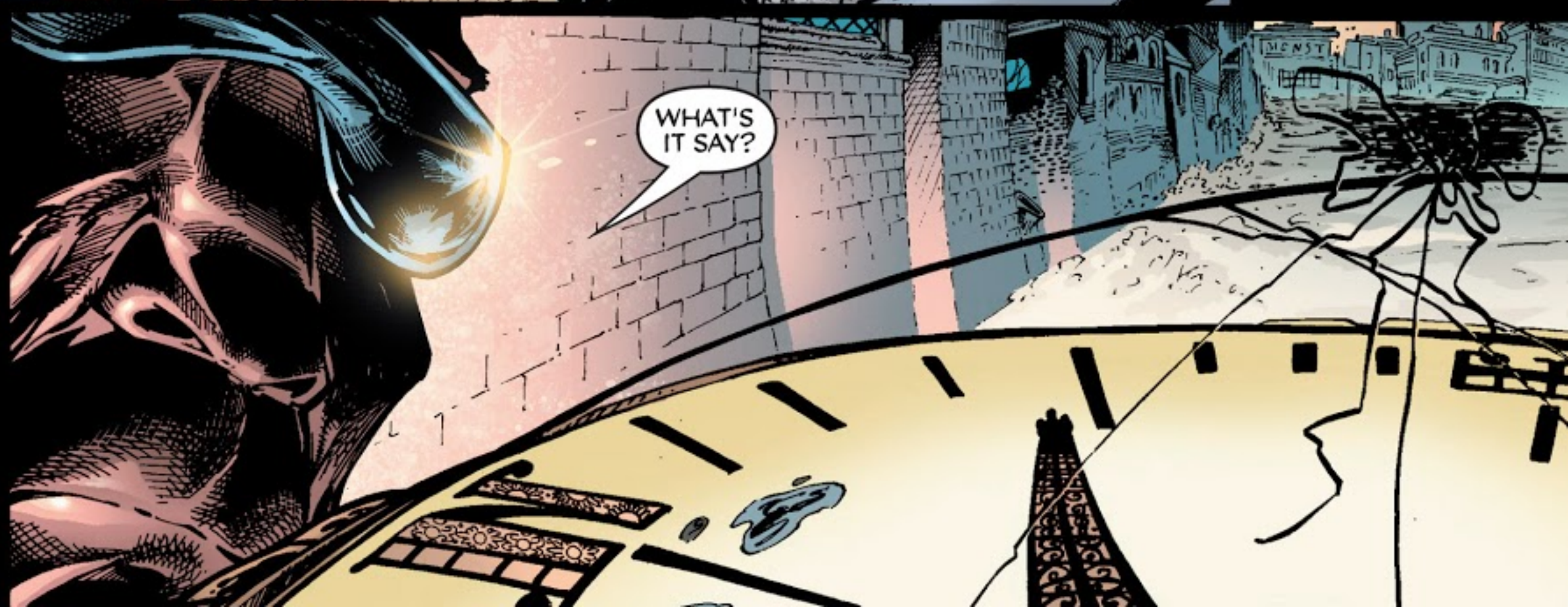
IN CASE WHAT? IN CASE OF MONSTERS?

OH! I HAVE AN IDEA. MAYBE, IF YOU SAW SOMEONE YOU LIKED, SOMEONE **ALIVE**, YOU COULD **SHOOT 'EM** AND THEY COULD COME LIVE HERE.

WE COULD SHOOT **LOTS** OF PEOPLE, AS LONG AS THEY WERE NICE AND WOULD BE HAPPY TO SHARE THE HOUSE. IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE MORE KIDS AROUND.



I DON'T THINK THAT'S SUCH A GOOD IDEA, SALLY. BESIDES, THAT'S NOT WHAT I WAS SAVING IT FOR.



WHAT'S IT SAY?

BOSTON.



HEYYY!
YOU FOLKS
LOST? YOU NEED A
LITTLE HELP?



YOU
THE TOURIST
BUREAU?

WE'RE **BOY
SCOUTS**, OUT LOOKING
TO DO OUR GOOD DEED
FOR THE DAY.

WHY DON'T
YOU MAKE A LITTLE
DONATION AND WE'LL
MAKE SURE YOU GET
ACROSS THE STREET
SAFELY.

NORTHEAST.
LET'S CUT ACROSS
THIS WAY.

NICE
NEIGHBOR-
HOOD.



YOU LITTLE **IDIOT**! I'M A
GODDAMN **COP**. YOU KNOW I HAVE
THE RIGHT TO EXECUTE YOU ON THE
SPOT FOR ACTING LIKE THAT?

NOW RUN
HOME BEFORE I
REALLY LOSE MY
TEMPER.



RELAX.
THEY'RE JUST
KIDS.



SAME
AGE AS
MY
BOY.



WELL...
THINK
THAT'S
IT?



WAIT HERE.

NOT A CHANCE. I GO WHERE YOU GO.



I'M GETTING A BAD VIBE OFF THIS PLACE. THERE'S SOMETHING SERIOUSLY NASTY INSIDE THERE.

WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH.

LIKE WHAT?



KLAASH!



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

TEACUP, I THINK.



HELLO?

MAX? MAX IT'S YOUR--




--DAD.

YOU ARE
TRESSPASSING.

GO
NOW!!!





I'VE COME
FOR MY SON. HIS
NAME IS MAX. IS
HE HERE?



THIS HOUSE
DOES NOT
WELCOME YOU.
YOU WILL LEAVE
NOW!



OR YOU WILL
SUFFER THE
CONSEQUENCES.



HEAAAH...

TRESPASSERS!

WHAMP!

ZZZAAAM!

AAAH!

SOMEONE'S
HERE!

[illegible]

TRESPASSERS!

WHAMP!

PZZZAM!

AAAH!

SOMEONE'S HERE!

[illegible]

A comic book panel showing a woman with curly hair and a shocked expression looking down at a large, dark, draped object on a bed. A speech bubble above her head says "SOMEONE'S HERE!". The scene is set in a room with a large window showing a full moon and a balcony railing.



HAAAAAH!

TWITCH!

LET HIM
GO!

ARRGH!

FELT
THAT,
DIDN'T
YOU?

COLD...
CAN'T...
BREATHE...

DAD?!



DAD!
OH GOD!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

SON?

HOW
DID YOU
FIND ME?
ARE YOU
OKAY?

C-COLD.
SO COLD.

DAD, WHY
ARE YOU HERE?
I TOLD YOU NOT
TO COME FOR ME.
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

YOU'RE MY
SON. TH-THAT'S
ALL I NEED TO
UNDERSTAND.
I'VE C-COME
TO TAKE YOU
H-H-HOME.

I CAN'T GO HOME.
THIS IS MY HOME NOW.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO ME.

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT I'VE
BECOME.

Th-thump

TH-
THUMP!

I DON'T
C-CARE.
WHATEVER IT
IS, WE'LL FIND
A WAY--

DAD...?



THE BOY
STAYS. THE
HOUSE BELONGS
TO US, BUT WE
BELONG TO THE
HOUSE.

HE
CANNOT
LEAVE.



THERE ARE
RULES.



DAMN
YOUR
RULES.

HE
COMES
WITH
US!

THUMP! THUMP!!

DON'T!
PLEASE! I
DON'T WANT
ANYONE TO
GET HURT.
NOT ON
ACCOUNT OF
ME. THIS IS
ALL MY
FAULT...

MAX?
IS THAT
REALLY
YOUR
DAD?

SALLY?

IF YOU CAN'T
LEAVE, WHY
DON'T YOU INVITE
HIM TO STAY. HE
SEEMS REALLY
NICE.

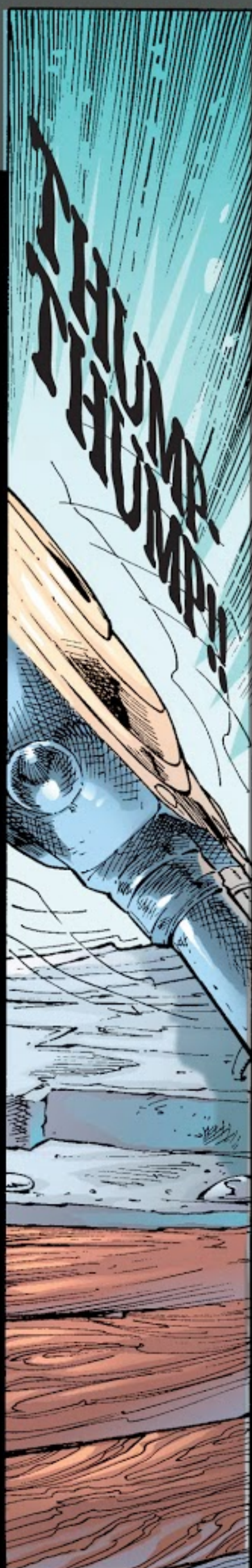
IT'LL BE
EASY.
JUST LIKE
WE
TALKED
ABOUT.

THERE'S
PLENTY OF
ROOM.



YOU
COULD
BE MY DAD
TOO. IF YOU
WANTED. I'D
LIKE THAT.
I REALLY
WOULD.

I MISS
MY DADDY
SOMETHING
AWFUL.



SALLY!
NO!
PUT THAT
GUN DOWN.
PUT IT DOWN
NOW!

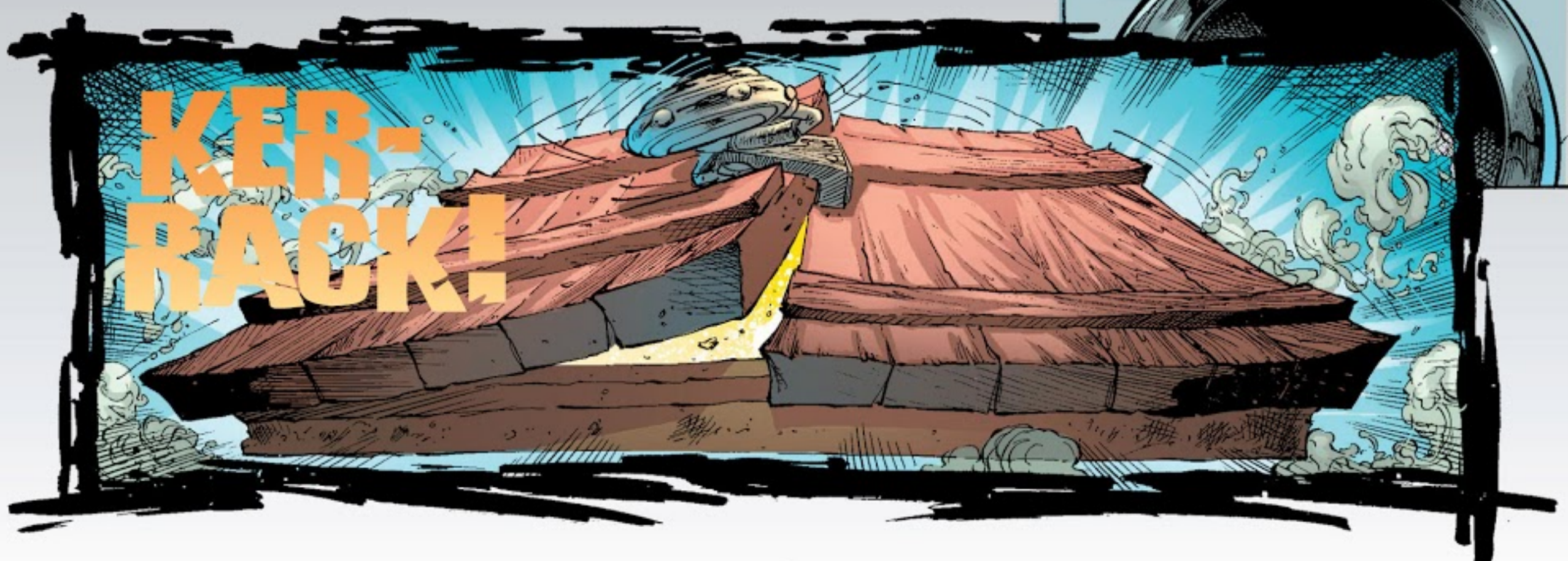


P-PLEASE
DON'T
H-H-HURT
MY BOY.



IT'S OKAY TO
BE SCARED. I WAS
SCARED TOO. BUT IT
ONLY HURTS FOR A
SECOND, OKAY?

I PROMISE.





IT'S
EASY.
YOU'LL
SEE.

SALLY!
DON'T!
PLEASE PUT
THE--

BIAM!

TO BE CONTINUED...



SPAWN



Capullo 3

M. FARIANE



IT HAPPENS
SO FAST,
IT'S LIKE
IT ISN'T
HAPPENING
AT ALL.

THE GUNSHOT
RINGS LIKE A
THUNDERCLAP
AND HANGS
DEAD IN THE
AIR. A SCREAM
CATCHES IN MY
THROAT AND
THE WORLD
GRINDS TO A
HALT.

IT'S LIKE A VIDEO
GAME SET ON
PAUSE. I SEE THE
BULLET INCHING
ALONG IN SLOW
MOTION AND SEE
THE LOOK OF
TERROR SPREAD
ACROSS MY
FATHER'S FACE.

AND
SUDDENLY I
REMEMBER
WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO BE
ALIVE.

TO BE FILLED
WITH FEAR
AND DESPAIR,
AND TO KNOW
THERE'S
NOTHING YOU
CAN DO TO
CHANGE
THINGS.

It's
HORRIBLE.



IT'S OKAY, MAX. IT ONLY HURTS FOR A MOMENT. REMEMBER?



I DID IT FOR YOU, MAX. NOW WE'LL HAVE SOMEBODY NEW TO PLAY WITH. HE'LL BE HAPPY HERE. THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM.

SALLY, WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO? DAD! DAD, LOOK AT ME!

DAD! LISTEN TO ME! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT. I'LL GET YOU THROUGH THIS! I PROMISE.

MAX...



CAN-- CAN YOU HELP HIM?

I'LL TRY.

SIMMONS... SPAWN...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT POSSESSED ME TO SAY THAT. IT'S LIKE DARING GOD TO MAKE A LIAR OUT OF YOU.



SAVE MY BOY. PROMISE ME!

KRAAK!

AS SOON AS YOU THINK THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE, GOD LAUGHS AT YOU AND FLIPS A BIG HOLY DIGIT RIGHT IN YOUR FACE.

WHAAMP!

THE ROOM
TURNS ICY
COLD. I FEEL
LIKE I'M
DROWNING,
MY LUNGS
READY TO
BURST WITH
FEAR.

I'VE NEVER
BEEN SO
TERRIFIED
IN MY
LIFE.

I LOOK
AROUND
AND I
REALIZE
I'M NOT
THE ONLY
ONE.

FOOTSTEPS
SOUND LIKE
EARTHQUAKES.
THE SLOW
RATTLE OF
CHAINS. THE
SICKENING
ECHO OF MEAT
DRAGGING ON
WOOD.

AND THEN A
VOICE LIKE
TOMBSTONES
CRACKING.

WHO...?

WHO DARES
TRESPASS?



JUST THE
SOUND OF
IT FILLS
ME WITH
DREAD.
WITH
HORROR.

THE DARKEST
NIGHTMARES
I'VE EVER
HAD, ALL THE
FEELINGS OF
MISERY AND
DESPAIR, THEY
BUBBLE OUT OF
MY VEINS AND
CREEP ALONG
MY FLESH.

THEY SWELL
UP IN MY
THROAT AND
CLOUD MY
EYES. AND
THERE'S
NOTHING I
CAN DO.

I'VE
NEVER
FELT SO
SMALL!

THIS
IS MY
HOME!

THIS IS
MY
FOOD!

I'M
USELESS.

HOPELESS.

THE WORLD
WOULD HAVE
BEEN A BETTER
PLACE IF I HAD
NEVER BEEN
BORN. ALL OF
US, ALL OF US
IN THIS HOUSE,
WE'RE JUST
MAGGOTS
CLINGING TO
A ROCK.

WE
DESERVE
TO BE
DEAD.





MAX!
SNAP OUT OF
IT! MOVE YOUR
FATHER IF YOU
CAN.

YES...
UH...
SIR.

NORMALLY, I WOULDN'T LISTEN TO A
WEIRDO IN CAPE, BUT CONSIDERING THE
CIRCUMSTANCES, WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?

GIVES ME SOMETHING
USEFUL TO DO, AT
LEAST FOR A MOMENT.




A HELLSPAWN?!
A soldier of Hell? You
have no stake here!
These are MY PRIZES,
rightly claimed.

THE BOY
AND HIS
FATHER GO
FREE!



And if
I don't wish
to part with
them? What
shall you
do?

I'LL RIP
OFF YOUR
LIMBS AND BEAT
YOU WITH
THEM.

A comic book page featuring a large, grey, multi-eyed monster with a red cape (Hellspawn) attacking a character. The monster is shown in a dynamic pose, with its mouth open, revealing sharp teeth and a red interior. The character being attacked is wearing a red cape and is shown in a state of distress. The background is a dark, industrial setting with a large, red, curved structure. The page is divided into two main panels by a diagonal line. The top panel shows the monster attacking the character, while the bottom panel shows the character in a state of distress, with a close-up of the monster's face. The character is shown in a state of distress, with a close-up of the monster's face. The character is shown in a state of distress, with a close-up of the monster's face.

You miserable thing! You think you can FRIGHTEN ME! I AM FEAR! I AM ANGUISH!

Come! Let me taste YOUR PAIN! It will be a treat!

Layer upon layer of exquisite misery, a rich banquet of epic failures.

You are a useless thing. Everything you touch turns to ashes. That's your painful secret, is it not?

Drink it in, Hellspawn. Let it fill you to the brim of your ragged soul.

I'M SUCH A COWARD. WHY AM I SITTING HERE LETTING HIM DO THE FIGHTING?

THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.

I AM
USELESS.

EVERYTHING
I TOUCH
TURNS TO
ASHES.

AAARGH!!



WARNED
YOU.



DAD?
JUST
HANG IN
THERE.

MAX...

I... I CAN
FEEL... MY LIFE
SLIPPING... TAKE IT,
SON. I WANT YOU
TO... HAVE IT...



DAD.
NO.




You...

You
shouldn't
have
DONE
THAT!

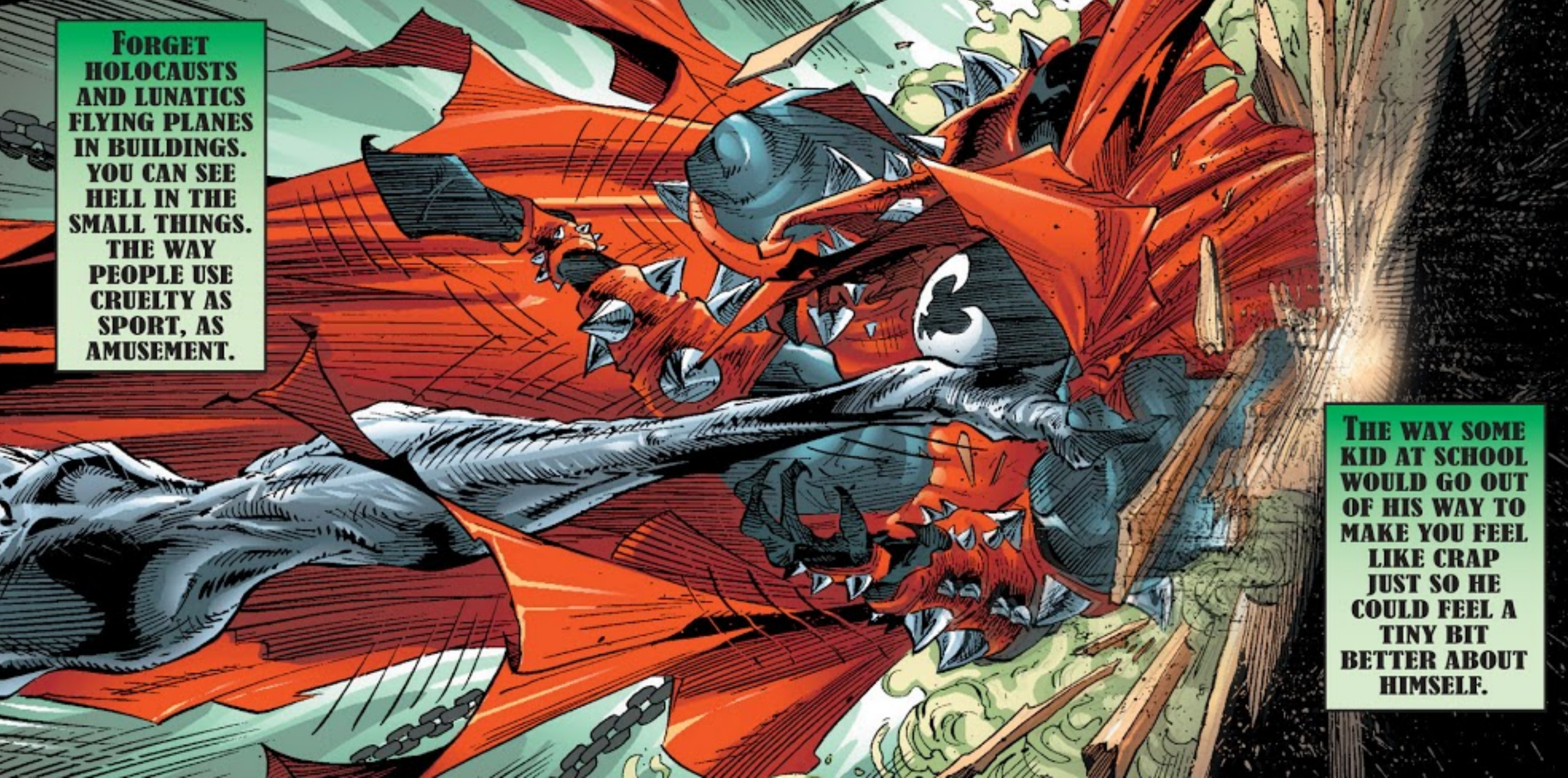


I USED TO
BELIEVE IN
THINGS LIKE
GOOD AND EVIL.
HEAVEN AND
HELL. GOD AND
THE DEVIL.



I DON'T
THINK I
BELIEVE
IN GOD
ANYMORE,
NOT REALLY.
BUT I DO
BELIEVE IN
HELL.

I BELIEVE IN IT
BECAUSE I'VE
SEEN IT. EVEN
BEFORE ALL
THIS FREAK-
SHOW STUFF
STARTED
HAPPENING,
I SAW IT
EVERY DAY.



FORGET
HOLOCAUSTS
AND LUNATICS
FLYING PLANES
IN BUILDINGS.
YOU CAN SEE
HELL IN THE
SMALL THINGS.
THE WAY
PEOPLE USE
CRUELTY AS
SPORT, AS
AMUSEMENT.

THE WAY SOME
KID AT SCHOOL
WOULD GO OUT
OF HIS WAY TO
MAKE YOU FEEL
LIKE CRAP
JUST SO HE
COULD FEEL A
TINY BIT
BETTER ABOUT
HIMSELF.



OR THE WAY MY
PARENTS COULD
SAY THINGS
"PASS THE
SUGAR, PLEASE"
SO IT WOULD
COME OUT
SOUNDING LIKE
"GO AWAY NOW,
I HATE YOU."

ALL THE
PEOPLE WHO
DIE FOR NO
REASON,
NEVER UNDER-
STANDING
WHAT THEY
DID TO
DESERVE
THEIR FATE.

OR PEOPLE
WHO SAW
THEIR FATE
COMING
STRAIGHT
AT THEM,
BARRELING
LIKE A
FREIGHT
TRAIN, WITH
NO CHANCE
TO STEP OUT
OF THE WAY.

PEOPLE
WHO TRIED
TO LIVE
GOOD LIVES
AND DO
HONORABLE
THINGS.

WHO TRIED
TO MAKE THE
WORLD BETTER
ONLY TO FIND
THEMSELVES
LYING ON THE
FLOOR OF AN
OLD HOUSE
BLEEDING TO
DEATH.



DESPERATE SOULS HAVING
TO CHOOSE BETWEEN
UNSPEAKABLE HORROR AND
SIMPLE, EVERYDAY MISERY.

WHEN YOU'RE A KID,
THEY ALL TELL YOU LIFE
ISN'T FAIR. BUT WHAT
THEY DON'T TELL YOU
IS THAT IT'S NOT EVEN
CLOSE. NOT EVEN A
LITTLE.

MAYBE
THAT'S
THE WAY
IT WAS
MEANT
TO BE.

HEROES
FALL AND
THE BAD
GUYS
WINS.
GAME
OVER.
WANNA
PLAY
AGAIN?

WELL, GOD,
IF YOU ARE
OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE,
I HOPE
YOU'RE
LISTENING.

'CAUSE YOU
CAN KISS
MY ASS,
YOU SON OF
A BITCH!

YOU'RE
NOT
TAKING
MY
FATHER.



I...
LOVE
YOU...
SON...

How many
DEFEATS will
it take till you
STAY in your
GRAVE?

UFF!

How much more
PAIN can you bear before you
snap like a twig? We have an
ETERNITY to find out.



YOU WANT
PAIN? YOU WANT
DESPAIR? FINE.

GO
BACK TO
HELL!

CLANG!!!



BUT YOU
ARE NOT
WELCOME
HERE!

I CAN FEEL
MY BLOOD
SPEED AND
MY FLESH
WARM. IT'S
LIKE PASSING
THROUGH
A VEIL.

BROUGHT
BACK INTO
THE LIGHT OF
THE LIVING
JUST IN TIME
TO SEE MY
FATHER SLIP
AWAY.

NO. HE
WAS MY
ANCHOR.
NOW I'VE
GOT TO
BE HIS.

I HEAR
TIMBERS
SNAP AND
GROAN AND
THE EARTH
IS RIPPED
UP FROM
BENEATH
OUR FEET.

I THINK I
KNOW HOW
THE WICKED
WITCH FELT
WHEN THAT
FARM CHICK
DROPPED A
HOUSE ON
HER.

Nooooo

THE WORLD'S
A STORM OF
WOOD AND
PLASTER AND
NAILS, AND
DARKNESS
OPENING UP
LIKE A TER-
RIBLE MOUTH.
I HEAR THE
MOST AWFUL
SCREAMING.

NEVER
TELL
YOURSELF
THINGS
CAN'T GET
ANY
WORSE.

DON'T
EVEN
THINK
IT.

GET
DOWN!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

I GUESS
THAT DOOR
DIDN'T LEAD
TO THE
BASEMENT
AFTER ALL.

FIGURES.
THE
BOTTOM
IS ALWAYS
FURTHER
DOWN THAN
YOU
THOUGHT.

EVERYTHING
GETS SUCKED
DOWN INTO
THE DARKNESS,
LIKE A GREAT
SHIP PULLED
UNDER BY A
WHIRLPOOL.

THE HOUSE, THE GHOSTS,
THE MONSTER... EVERY-
THING EXCEPT US.

THE MAN IN
THE CAPE
HOLDS US
DOWN. HIS
CHAINS
STRAIN AND
TWIST BUT
THEY HOLD
TIGHT.

AND
THEN THE
SCREAMING
STOPS.

DAD!

6
151-3843



IS... IS HE--?

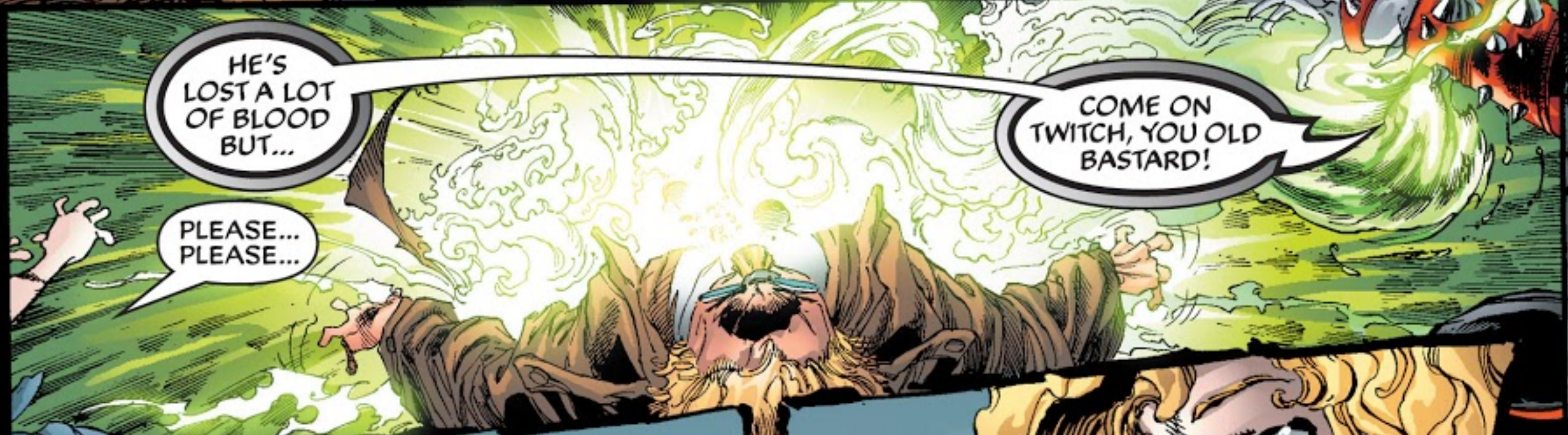
NO, NOT YET.



NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.



THUP!



HE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD BUT...

PLEASE... PLEASE...

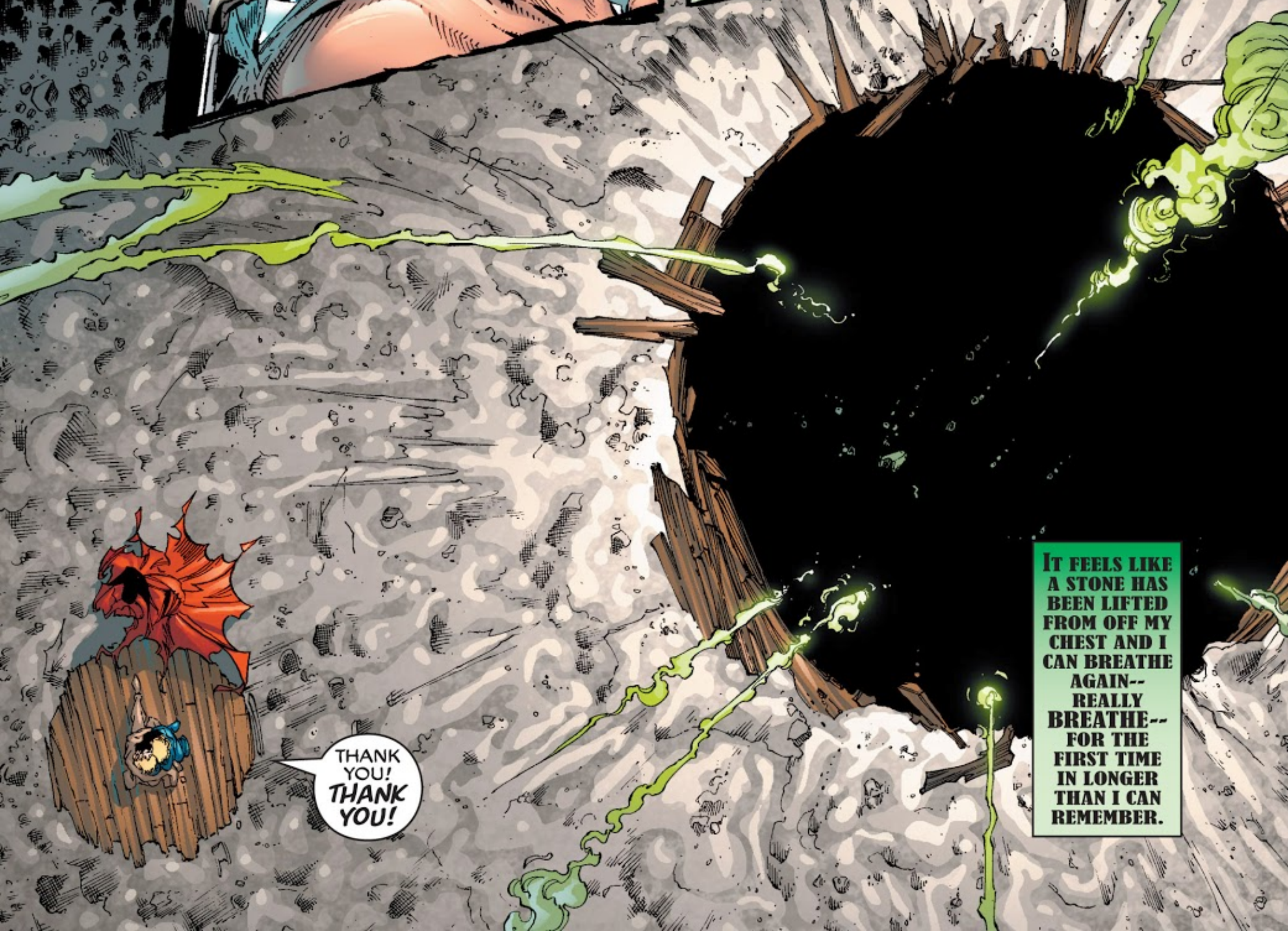
COME ON TWITCH, YOU OLD BASTARD!



MAX... SON...



DAD!



THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

IT FEELS LIKE A STONE HAS BEEN LIFTED FROM OFF MY CHEST AND I CAN BREATHE AGAIN-- REALLY BREATHE-- FOR THE FIRST TIME IN LONGER THAN I CAN REMEMBER.

**I GUESS
MAYBE I
SHOULD
TAKE
BACK
WHAT I
SAID
ABOUT
GOD.**

**MAYBE
HE DOES
WORK IN
MYSTERIOUS
WAYS.
THAT'S A
PRETTY
LOUSY
EXCUSE FOR
LETTING
PEOPLE
DOWN MOST
OF THE TIME,
BUT STILL...**

**SOMETIMES
THINGS DO
WORK OUT
FOR THE
BEST. THE
GOOD GUYS
WIN. THE
HERO SAVES
THE DAY.**

**SOMETIMES
IT FEELS SO
GOOD TO BE
HOME AGAIN,
WITH THE
PEOPLE YOU
LOVE AND
WHO LOVE
YOU. THEY
HOLD ONTO
YOU SO TIGHT
YOU CAN'T
HELP BUT
SMILE.**

**QUESTIONS
AND
CONFRON-
TATIONS
CAN WAIT
TILL LATER.**

**THINGS FEEL
SO RIGHT, IT
PUSHES ALL
THE PAIN AND
DOUBT SO FAR
AWAY, YOU
CAN'T EVEN
REMEMBER
WHY YOU
WERE AFRAID
IN THE FIRST
PLACE.**

**AND YOU FEEL
SO SAFE AND
WARM THAT
YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE
ANYTHING
BAD
HAPPENING
EVER AGAIN.**

**IT MAY
NOT BE
HEAVEN,
BUT IT'S
A PRETTY
GOOD
START.**



SPAWN



Capullo '3

132



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

Σ
Hmm-mmm-
hmmm-mmm-
mmm.... Σ



OH...
GOOD
EVENING.
I DIDN'T
SEE YOU
THERE.



HOW KIND
OF YOU TO DROP
IN. AS YOU CAN
SEE, I'VE DONE MY
BEST TO MAKE MY
EXISTENCE MORE
PALATABLE.



IT TOOK
A WHILE, BUT
I'VE GROWN QUITE
ACCUSTOMED
TO MY NEW
SURROUNDINGS.
MY OWN LITTLE
PIED-A-TIER, BE
IT EVER SO
HUMBLE.

I CAN'T
GO OUT
YOU SEE.
NOT *REALLY*.
SO ONE MUST
MAKE DO
WITH WHAT
ONE HAS.

IT WAS
QUITE A
DISASTER WHEN
I MOVED IN. YEARS
OF *NEGLECT*.
COBWEBS, RODENT
DROPPINGS, PLASTER
FALLING OFF THE
WALLS...



≧SIGH...≦

IF I COULD
CHANGE ANYTHING,
I SUPPOSE...

KREEESH!

WHAK!

SPLANG!



I WOULD TAKE A
FLAMETHROWER
TO THIS MUTHA! BURN
THIS **FREAKIN'**
RAT'S NEST
TO THE GODDAMN
GROUND!

WHEN I
WAS DONE WITH
THAT I'D BEND
OVER AND DROP A HOT,
STEAMIN' **DUMP**
ON THE CHARRED
REMAINS OF THIS
MISERABLE LITTLE
HELLHOLE!

THEN I'D
HIKE UP MY
BRITCHES, TURN
ON MY HEEL, RIDE
OFF INTO THE
SUNSET AND
**NEVER LOOK
BACK!**



**I! WANT!
OUT!**



NOW...



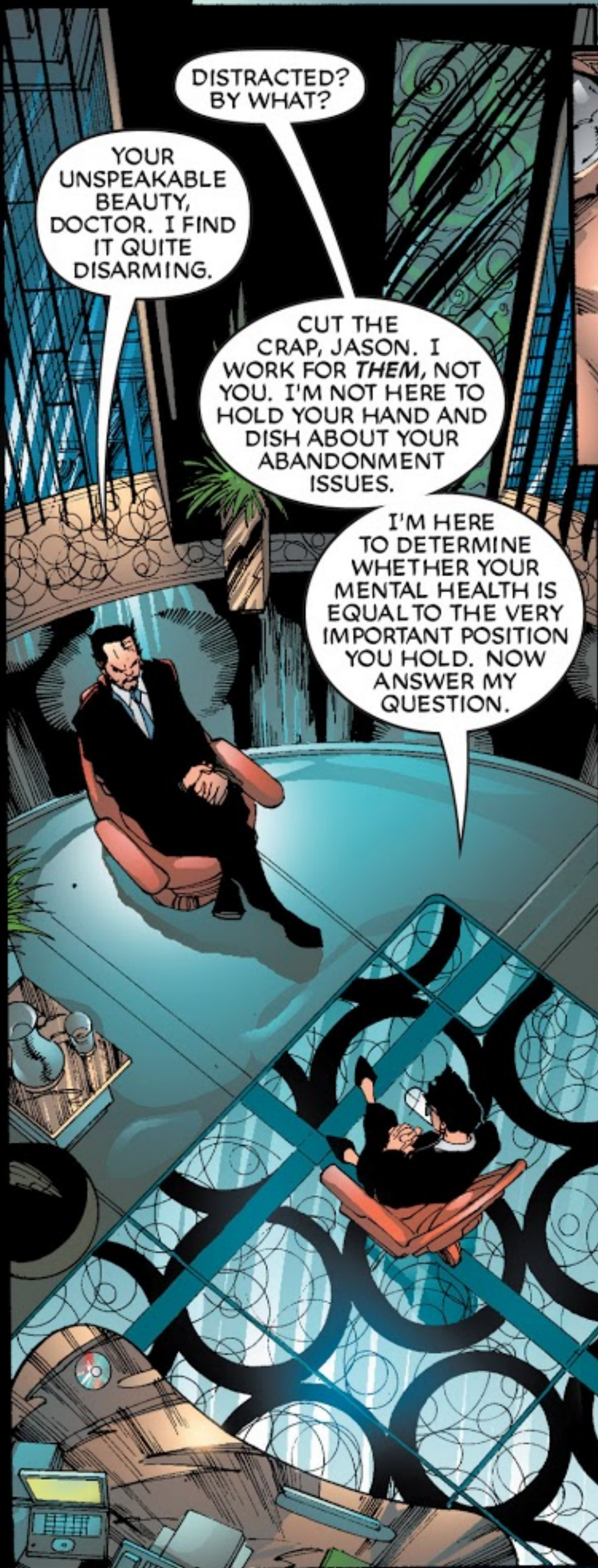
MR.
WYNN?



MR. WYNN,
NEED I REMIND
YOU THESE SESSIONS
ARE A CONDITION OF
YOUR REINSTATEMENT
WITH THE FIRM? I
SUGGEST YOU GIVE
THEM YOUR FULL
ATTENTION.

SORRY.
I WAS JUST
DISTRACTED. I
APOLOGIZE.



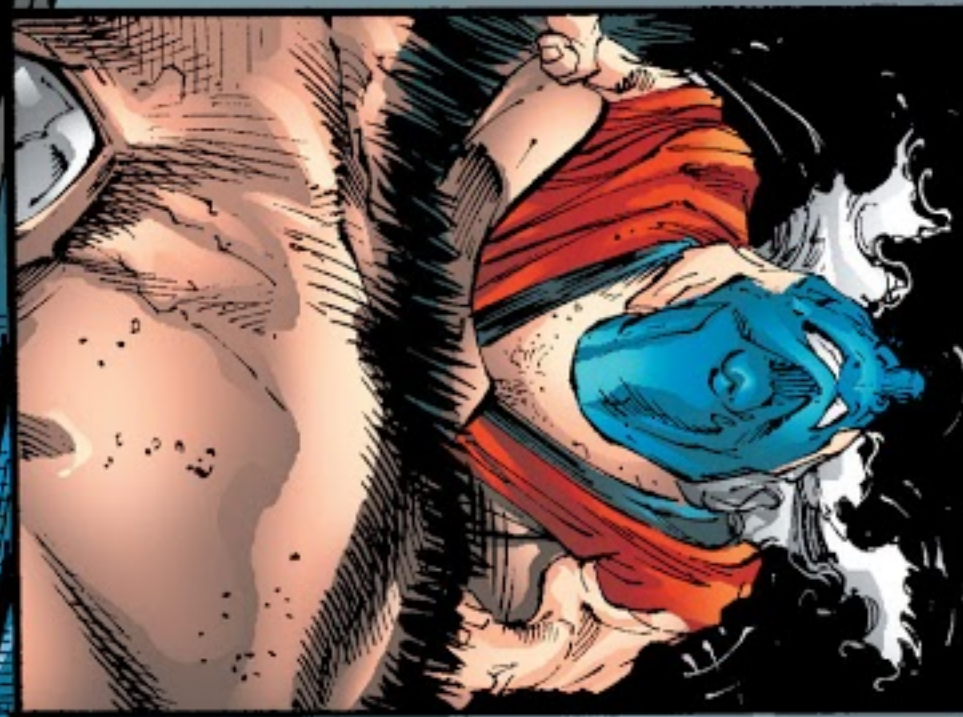


YOUR UNSPEAKABLE BEAUTY, DOCTOR. I FIND IT QUITE DISARMING.

DISTRACTED? BY WHAT?

CUT THE CRAP, JASON. I WORK FOR *THEM*, NOT YOU. I'M NOT HERE TO HOLD YOUR HAND AND DISH ABOUT YOUR ABANDONMENT ISSUES.

I'M HERE TO DETERMINE WHETHER YOUR MENTAL HEALTH IS EQUAL TO THE VERY IMPORTANT POSITION YOU HOLD. NOW ANSWER MY QUESTION.



GO AHEAD. TELL HER. TELL HER ABOUT THE *BROADS* YOU'VE BEEN KILLING.

TELL HER ABOUT STALKING THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN WITH A BUTCHER KNIFE IN YOUR HAND.



TELL HER ABOUT THE *BULGE* YOU GET IN YOUR PANTS WHEN YOU *SLICE* INTO THEIR SWEET YOUNG FLESH 'N' WATCH THE BLOOD TRICKLE OUT LIKE RED WINE.



COME ON, JAY. DON'T BE SHY. IT'S *SHARING* TIME! TRUST ME!

WHO'S YOUR DADDY, HUH? WHO'S YOUR DADDY?



DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SHARE?



NO.





YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING THAT I...

NO. OF COURSE NOT. I JUST THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW.

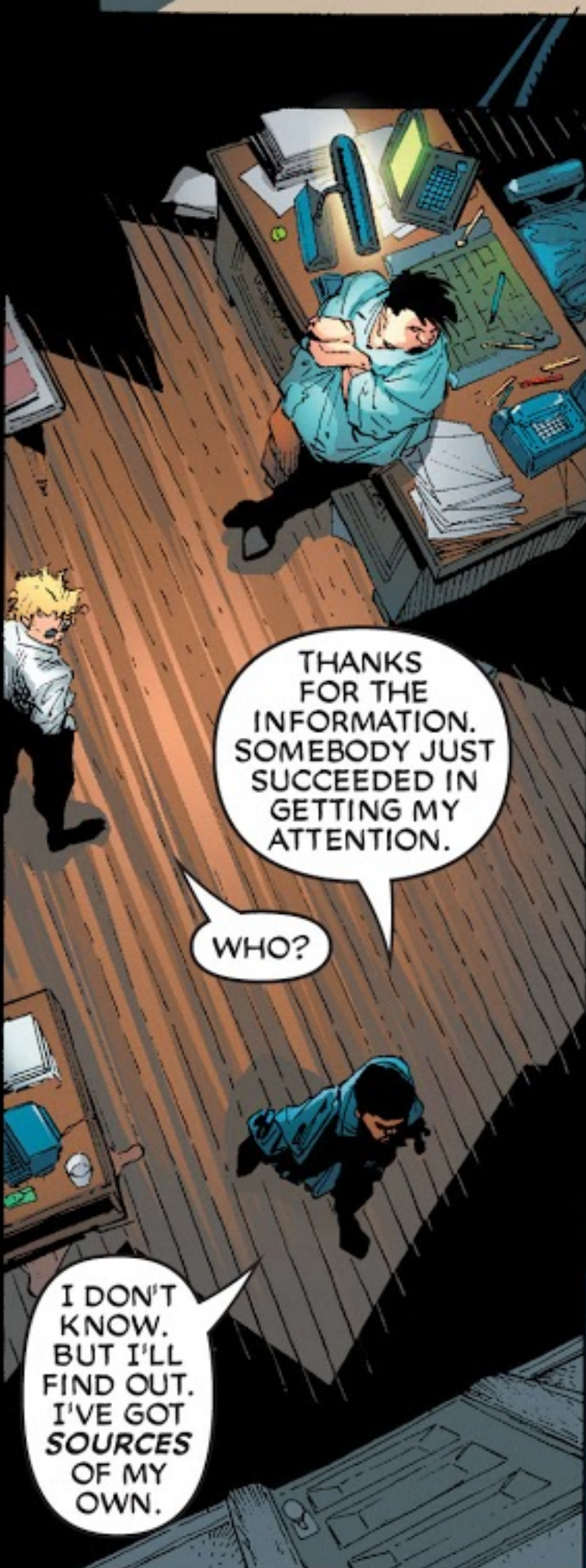
MY WIFE... YOU'VE PUT A PROTECTIVE DETAIL ON HER?

UM... SEE, HERE'S THE THING.

IT SEEMS THAT YOUR WIFE AND HER NEW FAMILY HAVE MOVED. OUT OF STATE. TERRY TOOK SOME CONSULTING JOB IN CALIFORNIA.

WE THOUGHT MAYBE YOU KNEW.

NO. I DIDN'T.



THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION. SOMEBODY JUST SUCCEEDED IN GETTING MY ATTENTION.

WHO?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT I'LL FIND OUT. I'VE GOT SOURCES OF MY OWN.

AND THEN YOU'LL REPORT BACK TO US, RIGHT?

SURE I WILL.

MANHATTAN.

MAN LIKE YOU,
HEALTHY YOUNG
BUCK, YOU'VE
GOT APPETITES.
IT'S ONLY
NATURAL.

GO ON,
JAY-MAN.
IT'S *FRIDAY*
NIGHT.
TREAT
YOURSELF.

NO ONE ELSE UNDERSTANDS. BUT I DO.
THAT'S WHY I'M YOUR FRIEND.

THIS
CITY'S A
GODDAMN
BUFFET,
JUST
WAITING
FOR YOU
TO GET
YOUR FILL.


YOUR
ONLY
FRIEND.

LIKE
FISH
IN A
FREAKIN'
BARREL.

GO ON, JASON.
INDULGE
YOURSELF.

TAKE WHAT'S
RIGHTFULLY
YOURS.





HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, THERE'S NO SOUND EXCEPT THE WIND. IT MOVES WARM AND SLOW TONIGHT, LIKE THE BREATH OF A GREAT, DORMANT BEAST.

HE CAN FEEL IT HEAVE AND SIGH BENEATH HIM. STILL, BUT UNMISTAKABLY ALIVE.

HE LISTENS CLOSER. THERE'S A SECRET LANGUAGE THAT VIBRATES THROUGH THE STEELY LANDSCAPE.

IT DANCES ACROSS TELEPHONE WIRES AND HUMS THROUGH CONCRETE PILLARS.

IT REACHES OUT, RIPPLES GLIDING ACROSS A DARK POND.

OUT THERE IN THE DARK ARE COUNTLESS ENVOYS, A MILLION SECRET EYES.

ALL IT TAKES IS TIME.

AND PATIENCE.

EVENTUALLY, THE NIGHT WILL YIELD ITS SECRETS.

PLEASE... PLEASE...



DON'T
HURT ME.
PLEASE DON'T
HURT ME! I-I'M
PREGNANT.
PLEASE!



PREGNANT? WHAT
A NAUSEATING THOUGHT.
ALL THIS VILE WORLD NEEDS
IS ANOTHER FOUL LITTLE
MAGGOT SCAMPERING ACROSS
ITS DEAD CARCASS.

REALLY,
WANDA.
I'D HAVE
THOUGHT
BETTER OF
YOU.



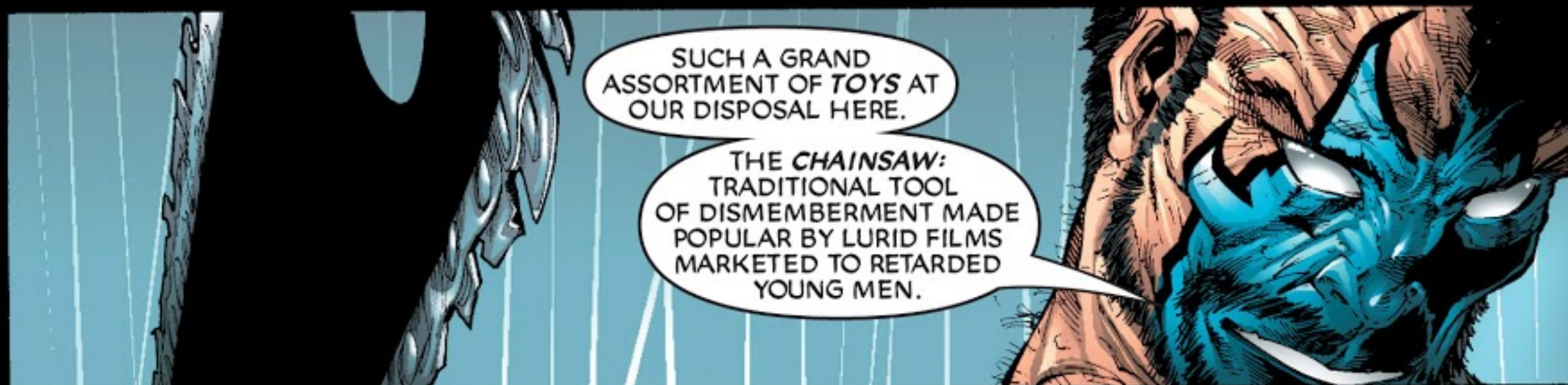
NO,
WANDA.
YOU'RE NOT
GOING
ANYWHERE.
JASON
WANTS TO
PLAY!

FEEL
FREE TO
SCREAM IF YOU
LIKE. IN FACT, I
ENCOURAGE
IT.



WANDA?
I'M NOT
WANDA.
THERE'S
BEEN SOME
MISTAKE.

PLEASE, LET
ME GO. I WANT
TELL ANYONE. I
SWEAR. I SWEAR
ON THE LIFE OF MY
BABY! PLEASE!



SUCH A GRAND ASSORTMENT OF TOYS AT OUR DISPOSAL HERE.

THE **CHAINSAW**: TRADITIONAL TOOL OF DISMEMBERMENT MADE POPULAR BY LURID FILMS MARKETING TO RETARDED YOUNG MEN.



AND THE DRILL. PHALLIC AND TERRIFYING AND SO BITTERLY COLD. IT'S ALL RATHER **FREUDIAN**, DON'T YOU THINK?

STILL, I IMAGINE IT COULD **GRIND** YOUR INFANT INTO A NICE **PÂTÉ**.



PLEASE...

CHRIST!
JASON, YOU'RE BORING ME TO TEARS OVER HERE. YOU'VE GOT TO BE THE **LAMEST SERIAL KILLER IN HISTORY!**

"**FREUDIAN?**"
"**PÂTÉ?**" WHO ARE YOU? **SPAULDING-FREAKIN'-GRAY?** WHAT A **PANSY!**



IGNORE HIM.

WHAT? IGNORE WHO?



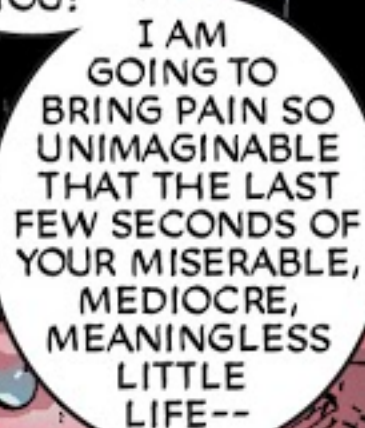
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP,
YOU SLUTTISH
LITTLE
BITCH!



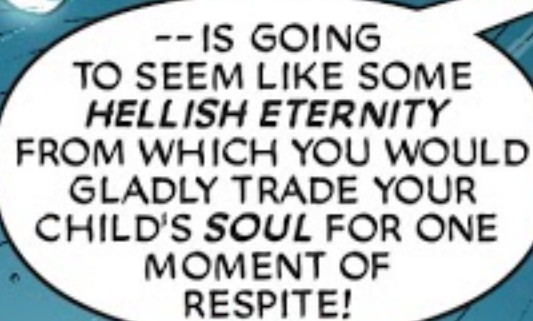
LISTEN
TO ME!



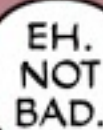
I AM
GOING TO
HURT YOU!
I AM GOING TO
VIOLATE
YOU!



I AM
GOING TO
BRING PAIN SO
UNIMAGINABLE
THAT THE LAST
FEW SECONDS OF
YOUR MISERABLE,
MEDIocre,
MEANINGLESS
LITTLE
LIFE--



-- IS GOING
TO SEEM LIKE SOME
HELLISH ETERNITY
FROM WHICH YOU WOULD
GLADLY TRADE YOUR
CHILD'S SOUL FOR ONE
MOMENT OF
RESPITE!



EH.
NOT
BAD.



DO YOU
KNOW WHY,
WANDA?



BECAUSE
DEEP DOWN
THAT'S WHAT
YOU REALLY
WANT!





...YOU'RE
MINE,
BITCH!



NO!

WYNN!
YOU'RE
BEHIND
THIS?

I THOUGHT
I WAS DONE WITH
YOU. I THOUGHT I
LEFT YOU BROKEN
AND BATTERED, THE
HOLLOW SHELL OF
A MAN.

GET UP
AND FIGHT
BACK, YOU
LITTLE
PUSSY!



YOU TOOK MY
LIFE, WYNN! I SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN YOURS A
LONG TIME AGO. SCREAM
ALL YOU WANT. NO ONE
CAN HEAR YOU!

I SHOULD BURN
YOU! BURN YOU TO
A CRISP! LET YOU CHOKE
ON THE SMELL OF YOUR
OWN CHARRING FLESH,
JUST LIKE YOU DID
TO ME!

NO...
PLEASE...



BUT I
WON'T.



WHAT?

YOU'LL
GET WHAT
YOU
DESERVE.

THIS WILL ALL BE
MADE PUBLIC. YOU WILL
BE HUMILIATED, DRAGGED
THROUGH A TRIAL, EXPOSED
FOR WHAT YOU ARE AND
LOCKED AWAY.

JUSTICE
WILL
PREVAIL.

AND
THROUGH
EVERY MOMENT OF
YOUR HUMILIATION,
YOU WILL KNOW
WHO BROUGHT YOU
DOWN. AND THEN,
WHEN IT'S ALL
OVER...



SIMMONS...?



THEN
I'LL
COME FOR
YOU.





HELP ME!
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME!

WHO'S
GOING TO
HELP YOU,
JASON?



TRY
BEGGING!
PLEAD
FOR YOUR
LIFE!




PLEASE!
I BEG
YOU!

SHUT
UP,
JASON.
IT'S
OVER.



TRY
BARGAINING!
OFFER HIM
INFORMATION!
MAKE A
DEAL!



I... I HAVE
INFORMATION.
I KNOW WHERE
YOUR *WIFE* IS. I
CAN TELL YOU
WHO *REALLY*
KILLED YOU...
I CAN...

YOU'RE PATHETIC.

HE'S NOT BUYING WHAT YOU'RE SELLING, JASON! TRY RUNNING!

GO!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

THERE'S NO WAY OUT, JASON.

WHOA!

BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I TOOK A MORE HANDS-ON APPROACH. EXECUTIVE DECISION. YOU UNDERSTAND.

HAAH!

SEE, THE THING IS, JAY, RELATIONSHIPS, THEY HAVE THEIR LIMITATIONS. YOU WERE GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF LAUGHS, BUT IN THE END YOU WERE A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I NEEDED A PAIR OF HANDS AND SINCE YOUR HEAD WAS VACANT AS AN EMPTY LOT, I THOUGHT I'D MOVE IN.

NO
HARD
FEELINGS,
HUH,
PAL?

SO
LONG,
JAY. YOU
CRAZY
LITTLE
FREAK
OF A
MAN.

WYNN?

NO!
STOP HIM!
HE'S GOING TO
KILL ME!

No
oo
oo!

AAAAA
AA
H!

OH, MY
GOD! YOU
SAVED MY LIFE.
HE WAS
GOING TO...

TAKE THE
SERVICE
ELEVATOR
DOWN.

THE POLICE
WILL BE HERE
SOON.

WAIT.
WHAT DO I
TELL THEM?
WHO ARE
YOU?

NO
ONE.



UHN.



Krik!
KRAAK!



SNAP!



KRUNCH!



BETTER...



WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
FELLAS?



YOU
NEVER SEEN A
CLOWN
BEFORE?



SPAWN



Capullo
12
DANNY
9/11
04
A
B

I AM
TROUBLED.

QUESTIONS PLAGUE
ME, LIKE A DULL
ACHE IN THE BACK
OF MY HEAD.

THIS BUSINESS WITH
WYNN. IT JUST DOESN'T
ADD UP. I'M MISSING
SOMETHING.

MAYBE I'M JUST SORRY
IT ENDED SO QUICKLY.
I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO
HAVE HAD SOME
ANSWERS FROM HIM.

ANSWERS
TO SO MANY
THINGS.





I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT I'VE BEEN PLAYED. THAT SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE IS LAUGHING AT ME.

HA
HA HA HA HA
HA

THAT THE OTHER SHOE'S ABOUT TO DROP.

HA
HA
HA HA
HAAA

IT'S NOT A FEELING THAT I PARTICULARLY ENJOY.

THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE. A DARK FORM MOVING ALONG THE HORIZON, SHIFTING LIKE A SHADOW ON THE SEA.

I SCAN THE NIGHT, SIFTING THROUGH THE PIECES AND COME UP EMPTY.



I THINK IT KNOWS I'M LOOKING FOR IT.



IT'S PLAYING WITH ME. TAUNTING ME... SURFACING FOR JUST A MOMENT, ANNOUNCING ITS PRESENCE...



AND THEN IT DISAPPEARS.



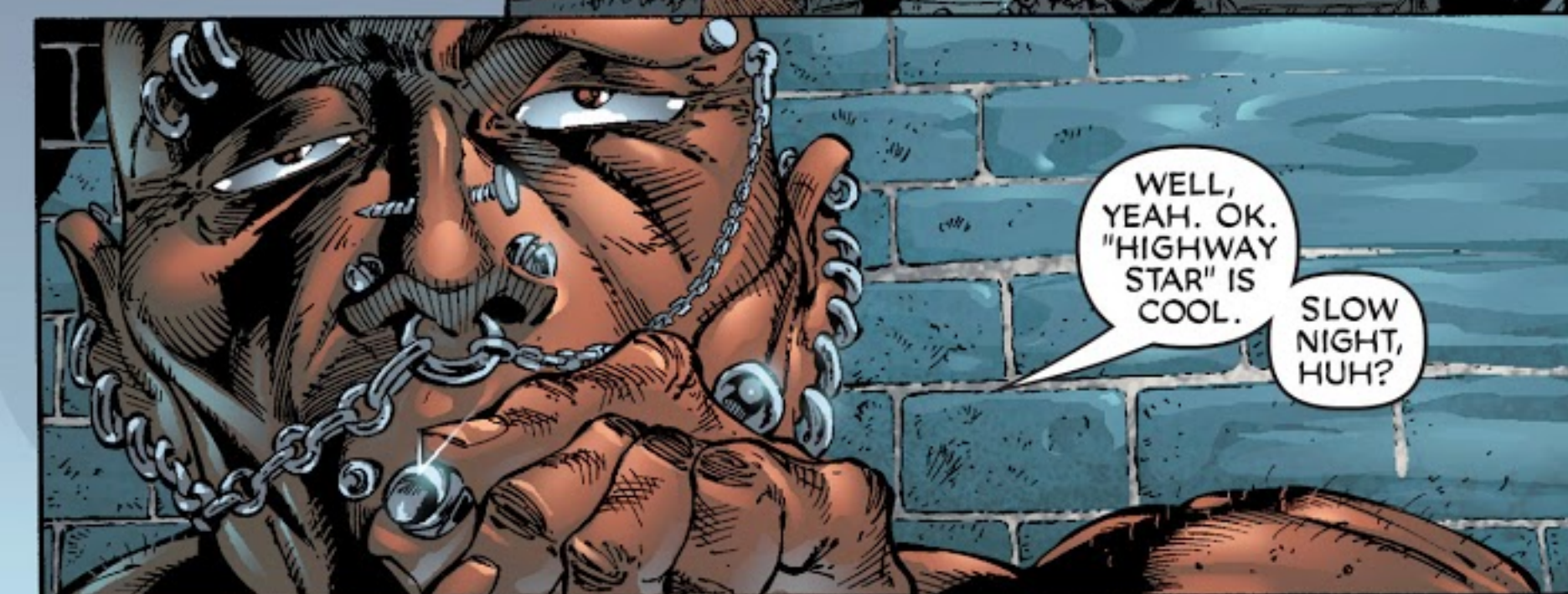
YOU'VE BEEN UP HERE FOR HOURS.



SOME-THING'S OUT THERE. JUST OUT OF REACH OF MY SENSES. I HAVE TO KNOW...

YOU SHOULD COME INSIDE. GET SOME REST.

NO. NOT TILL I FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS.





HEY, CHECK IT OUT... NOT ONE OF OUR REGULARS.



HELLO, KIDDIES. LOVELY EVENING ISN'T IT? FEELS GREAT TO BE BACK AMONG THE CORPOREAL.

WHAT THE HELL YOU WANT?



SAY, DID YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE DYSLEXIC INSOMNIAC AGNOSTIC?

WHAT?

IT SEEMS HE'D STAY AWAKE EVERY NIGHT, WONDERING WHETHER OR NOT THERE IS A DOG!



OUR TIME IS VALUABLE, PAL. EITHER YOU'RE BUYING OR YOU'RE MOVING ON, WHICH IS IT GOING TO BE?



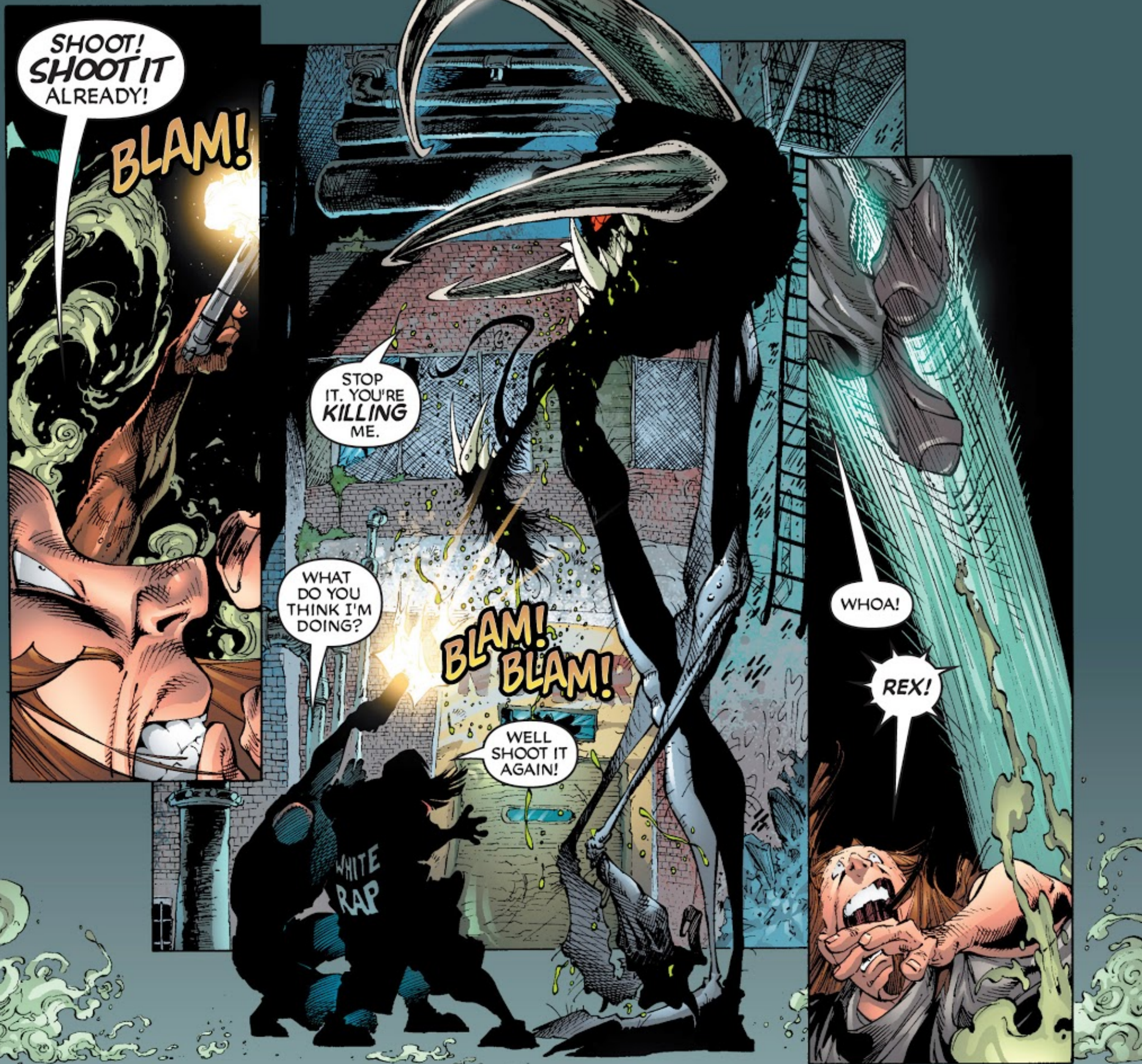
DOG? HELLO?

IT'S A
JOKE!
**GET
IT?**

**BLAM!
BLAM!**

HOLY
MUTHA
OF---







LET ME GO
YOU FREAKIN'
FREAK OF
NATURE!

BLAM!!
BLAM!!

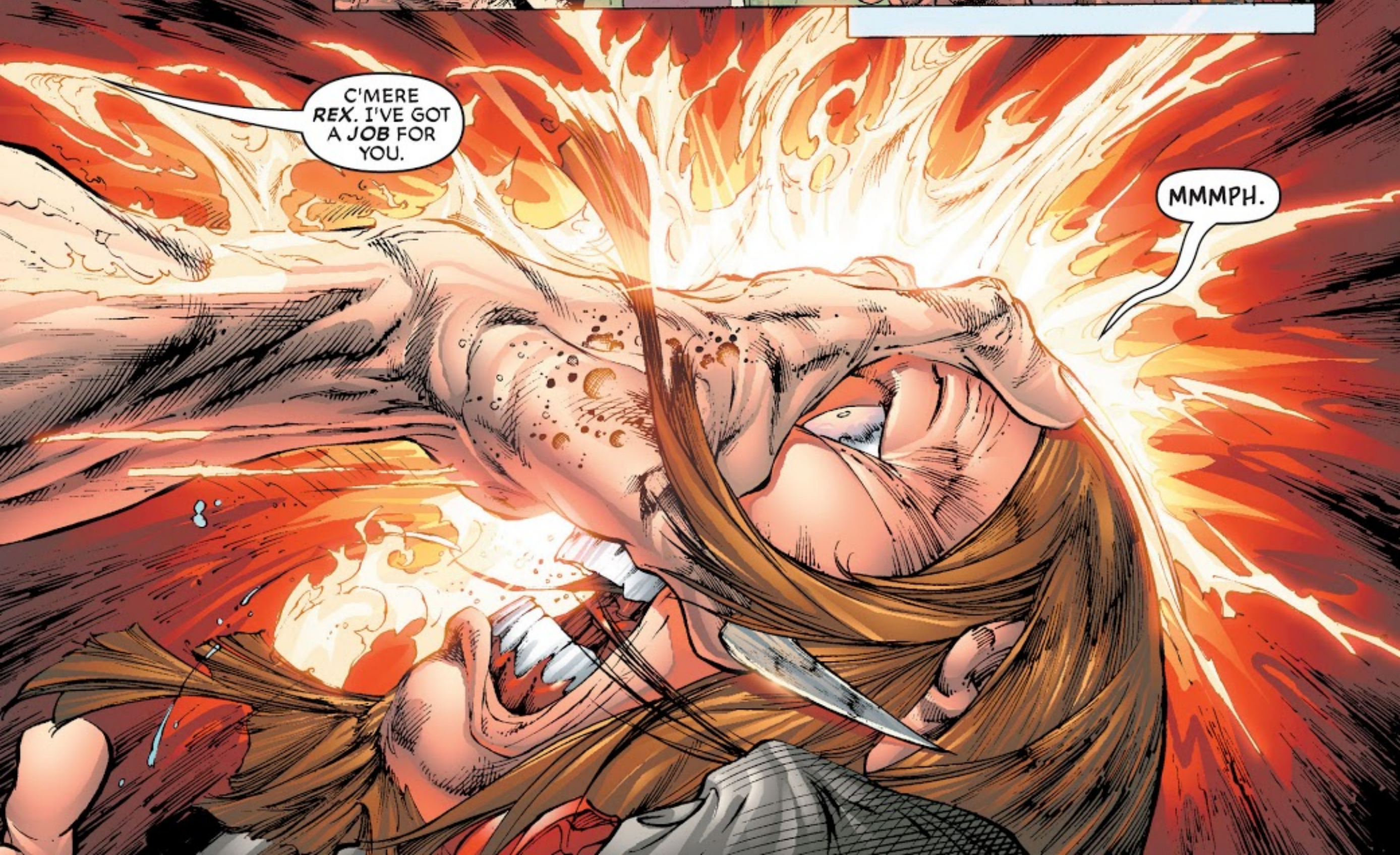
Noooooo!

LET
ME--


BLAM

BLAM!










WHAT ARE YOUR **SECRETS**, AL? WHAT IS IT YOU'RE STILL **HIDING** FROM ME?



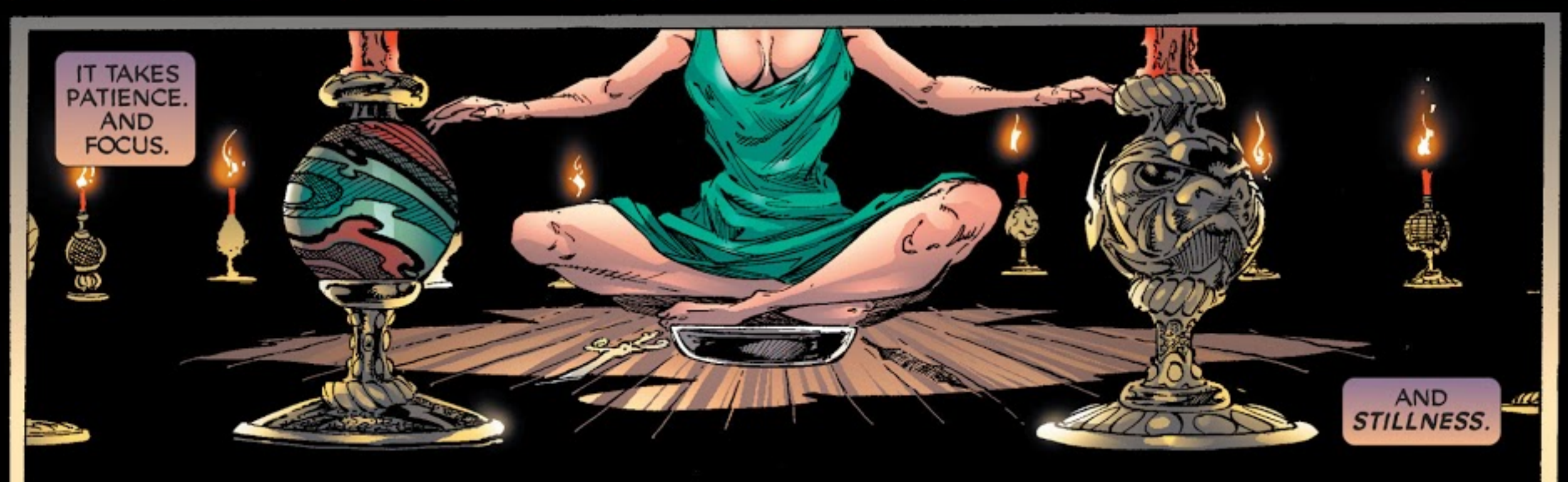
ALL THAT **POWER**, ALL THAT **POTENTIAL**. AND NO STEADY HAND TO **GUIDE** IT.

SLEEP SOUNDLY, DARLING. NO **DREAMS** FOR YOU TONIGHT.



HE'S RIGHT. THERE IS SOMETHING OUT THERE.

I CAN FEEL IT, TOO. BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO FIND IT. HE STILL LACKS THE PROPER DISCIPLINE.




IT TAKES PATIENCE. AND FOCUS.

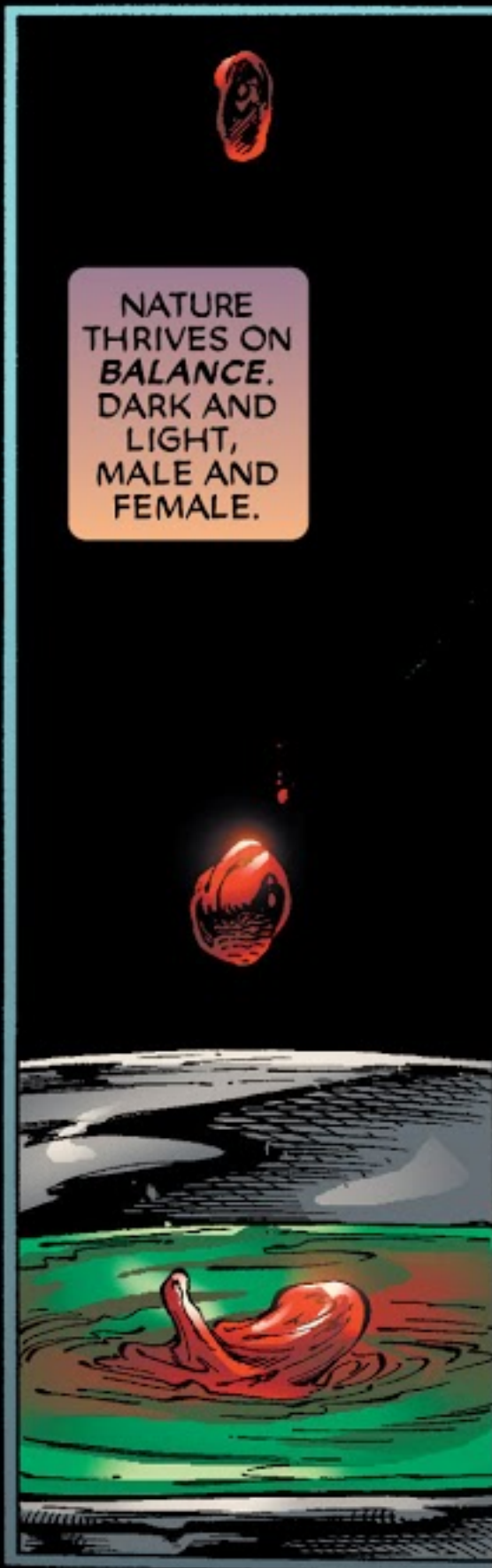
AND STILLNESS.



SISTER MOON, I OFFER MY BLOOD TO YOU.



I BEG PASSAGE INTO THE LANDS BEYOND YOUR SHADOWS.



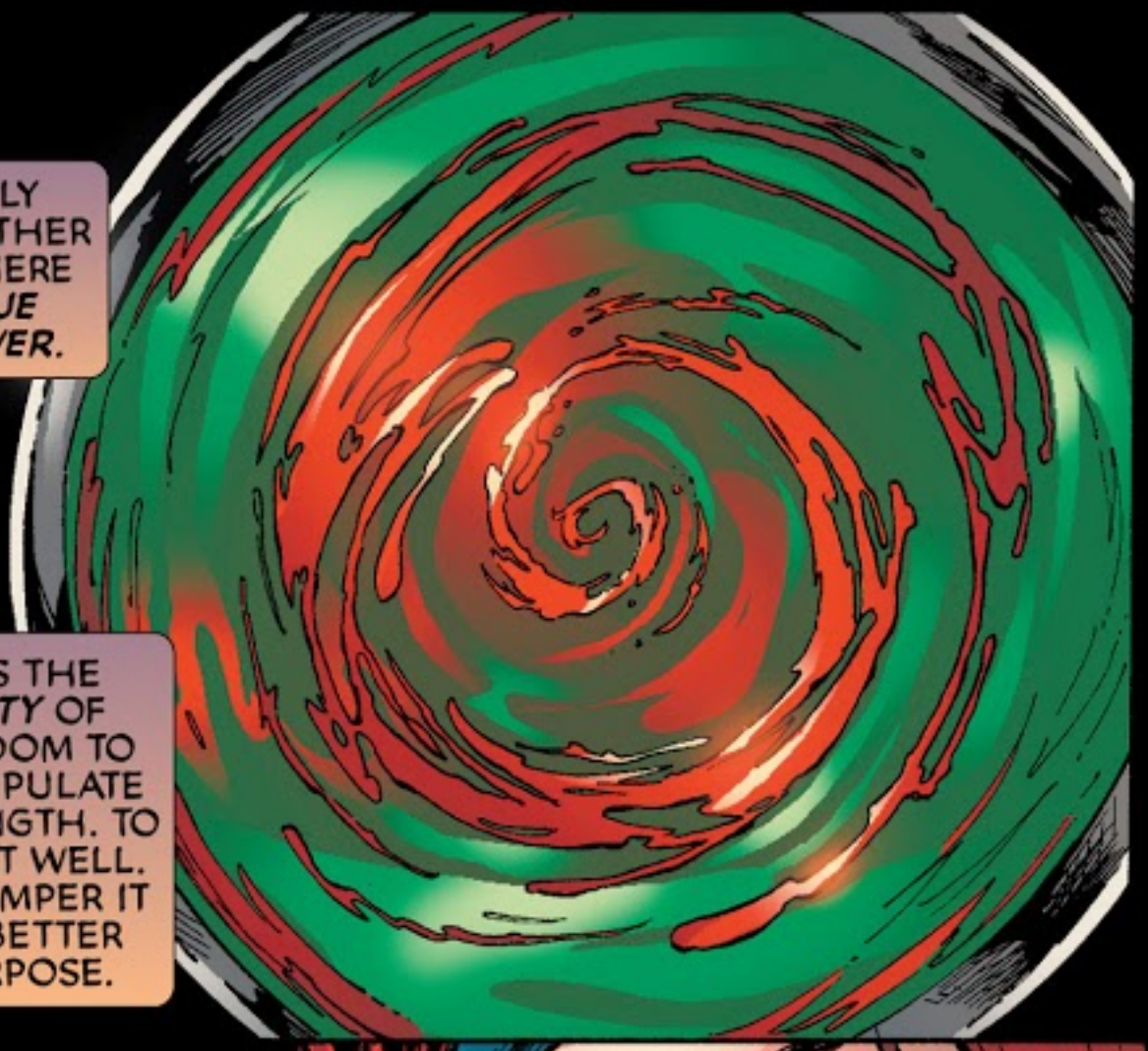
NATURE
THRIVES ON
BALANCE.
DARK AND
LIGHT,
MALE AND
FEMALE.



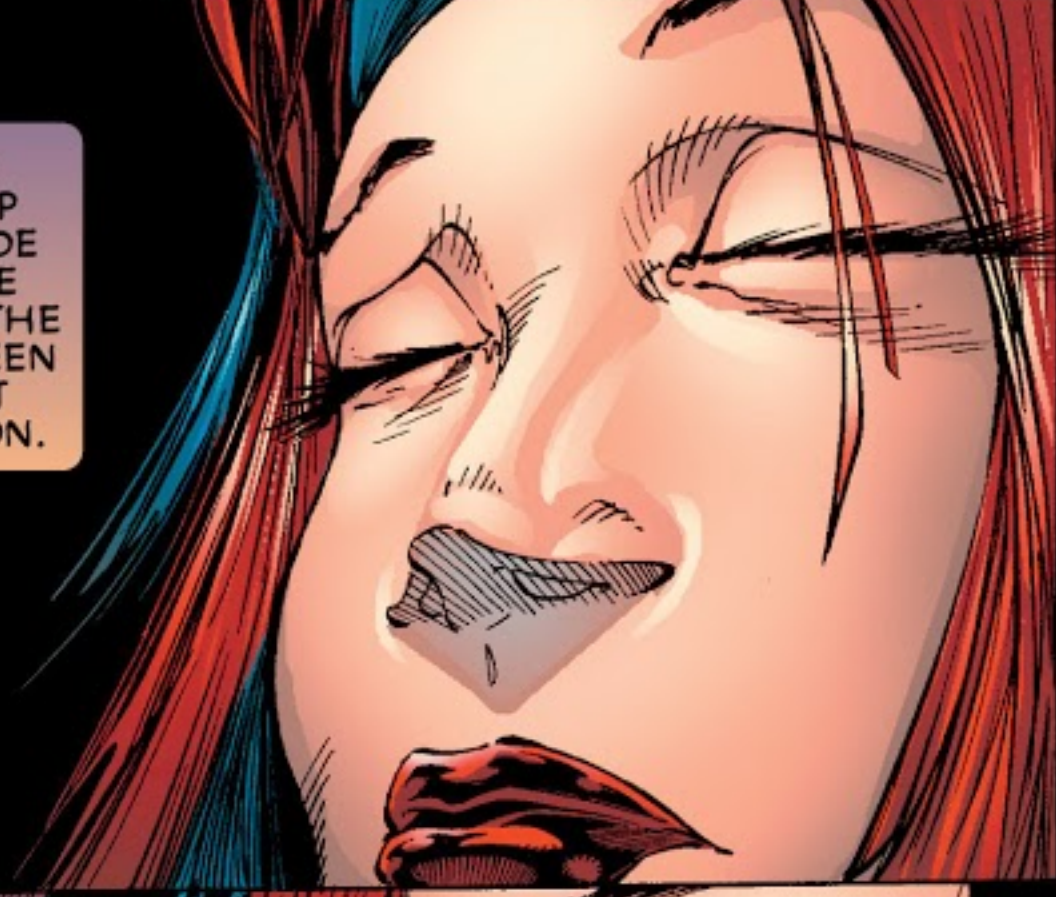
THE MALE
PRINCIPLE
EMBODIES
STRENGTH.
THE FEMALE
EMBODIES
WISDOM.

ONLY
TOGETHER
IS THERE
**TRUE
POWER.**

IT IS THE
DUTY OF
WISDOM TO
MANIPULATE
STRENGTH. TO
USE IT WELL.
TO TEMPER IT
TO BETTER
PURPOSE.



I LET MY
MIND SLIP
AWAY, SLIDE
EDGEWISE
THROUGH THE
GAP BETWEEN
THOUGHT
AND ACTION.



LET THE
NIGHT
MOVE
THROUGH
ME AS I
MOVE
THROUGH
IT.



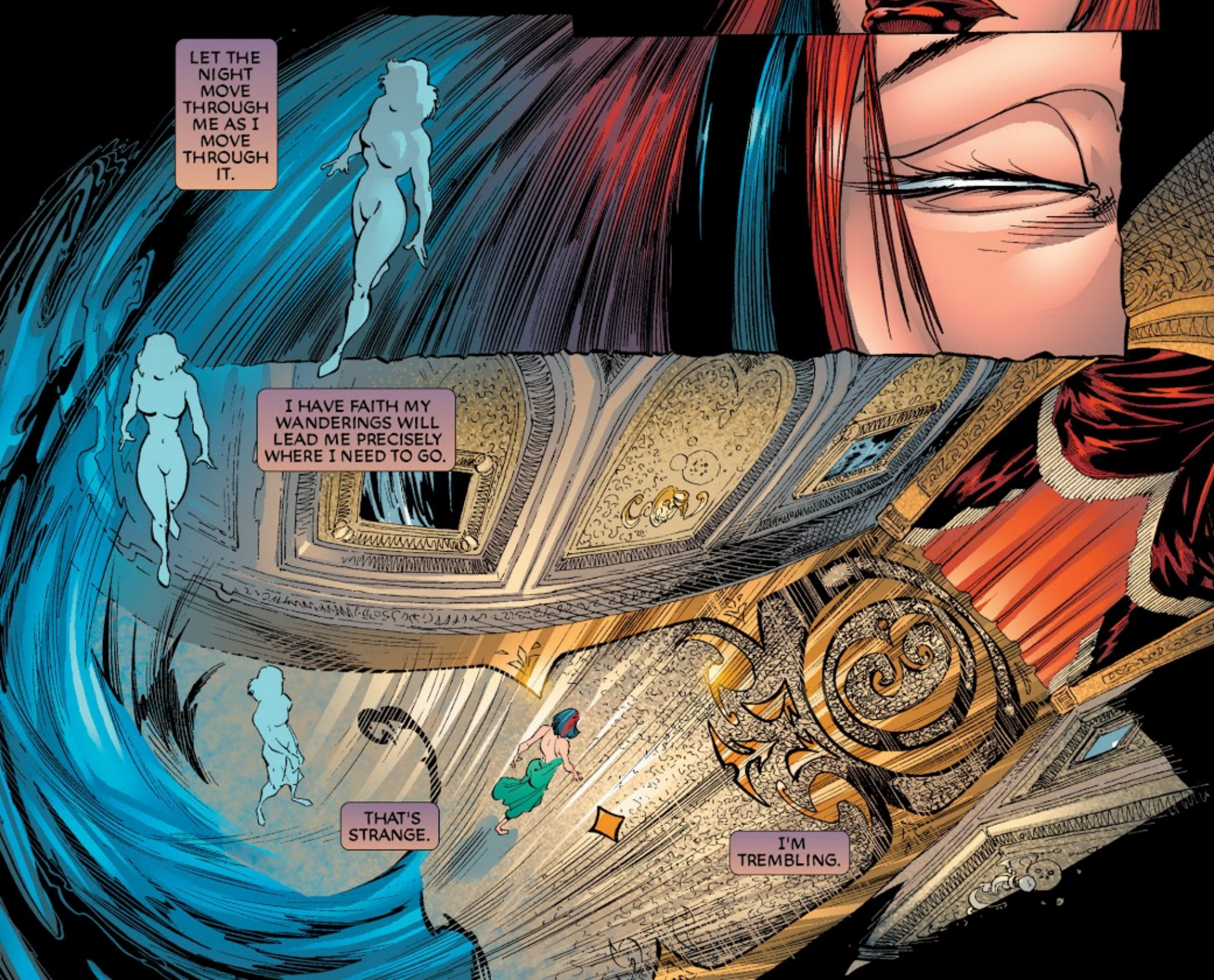
I HAVE FAITH MY
WANDERINGS WILL
LEAD ME PRECISELY
WHERE I NEED TO GO.



THAT'S
STRANGE.



I'M
TREMBLING.





DEAR GIRL,
PLEASE
COME
IN.

IT'S TIME
YOU AND I
HAD A LITTLE
TALK.

YOU KNOW,
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY TALL, DARK AND
MOPEY EVER LEFT THIS
PLACE. SO MUCH POTENTIAL.
SO MUCH UNTAPPED
POWER HERE.

WELL,
WASTE NOT,
WANT NOT,
EH?

HEY, REX!
YOU'RE A LOW-LIFE,
SCUMBAG, DIRTWAD
DRUG DEALER
RIGHT?

YUP.

SO THAT
MEANS YOU'VE
GOT TO HAVE A
CELL PHONE,
RIGHT?

YUP.

GIVE IT
HERE. I'VE GOT A
FEW LOOSE ENDS
TO TIE.

THANKS.

Beepbeep

Beep

beep
beep
beep

MARJORIE,
DEAR...JASON
HERE. YES. SO SORRY
TO CALL SO LATE. I
WON'T BE IN FOR
THE NEXT COUPLE
OF DAYS. TOOK A
NASTY FALL.

YES... I
CAN IMAGINE
THEY'VE BEEN
ASKING
QUESTIONS...
THAT WORRIED?
I'M FLATTERED.
NO. NO.
CAN'T BE
HELPED...

C'EST
LA VIE, MON
CHERIE. I
HAVE EVERY
CONFIDENCE
YOU CAN
SMOOTH
THINGS OVER
WITH OUR
"BETTERS."

WAIT, MARJORIE,
THERE IS ONE MORE
THING. I ENJOY SEX WITH
PASTRIES. DID YOU
KNOW THAT?


MAKE SURE
THE CHAIRMAN
IS AWARE OF THAT
FACT. IN FACT,
ALERT THE ENTIRE
STAFF.

WELL,
WELL...
STARTING
TO FEEL LIKE
HOME
ALREADY.

THANKS.

NO PROB.


THESE ALLEYS
BELONG TO
GOLW



I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR SOME TIME NOW. I'M QUITE IMPRESSED. I BELIEVE THERE'S A LOT THAT WE CAN OFFER ONE ANOTHER.

I DON'T THINK SO.

I KNOW BETTER THAN TO DEAL WITH SOMEONE WHO ENTERS MY DREAMS UNINVITED.




WELL "NYX," TELL ME IF THERE IS ANY TRUTH IN THIS: YOUR REAL NAME IS **CARIE ANNE**. YOU GREW UP ON LONG ISLAND.

YOUR MOTHER DIED WHEN YOU WERE 2. YOU HAVE NO SIBLINGS.

YOU'RE LYING.

AM I? ARE YOU CERTAIN?



YOU CAST YOUR FIRST **SPELL** WHEN YOU WERE 8, ONLY YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE DOING.

YOU DIDN'T FINISH A BOOK REPORT AND YOU CALLED OUT TO WHOEVER WOULD LISTEN, WISHING THAT YOU COULD HAVE ONE MORE DAY.

I BELIEVED I WAS INVITED. BESIDES, WHO IS IT YOU THINK I AM?


I THINK I HAVE A GOOD IDEA.

OH, NO. SURELY NOT. I'M THE **OTHER ONE**.



IT **SNOWED** THAT NIGHT. SNOW IN **MARCH**, MOST UNUSUAL. SCHOOL WAS CANCELED.

LATER, THERE WERE TWO **OTHER** GIRLS. FRIENDS OF YOURS. YOU PLAYED AROUND WITH TAROT CARDS AND OUIJA BOARDS. KID'S STUFF.



ONE OF THE GIRLS, **LILY**, GOT BORED WITH SUCH THINGS ABOUT THE TIME SHE DISCOVERED BOYS AND SHE LEFT YOUR LITTLE COVEN.

THE **OTHER** GIRL, SHE DIDN'T FARE QUITE SO WELL, DID SHE?



NO.

THERE WAS A **DARKNESS** TO HER. IT CLUNG TO HER LIKE A VEIL. SHE KNEW THINGS THAT NO ONE SHOULD HOPE TO KNOW.

SHE COULD SEE THE **SKULL** BENEATH THE **SKIN**. WHAT WAS HER **NAME**?

THEA.



YES. **THEA**. THINGS ENDED RATHER BADLY FOR HER. DRUGS, MADNESS, LIVING ON THE STREET. ANYTHING TO DIM THE VISIONS THAT PLAGUED HER.



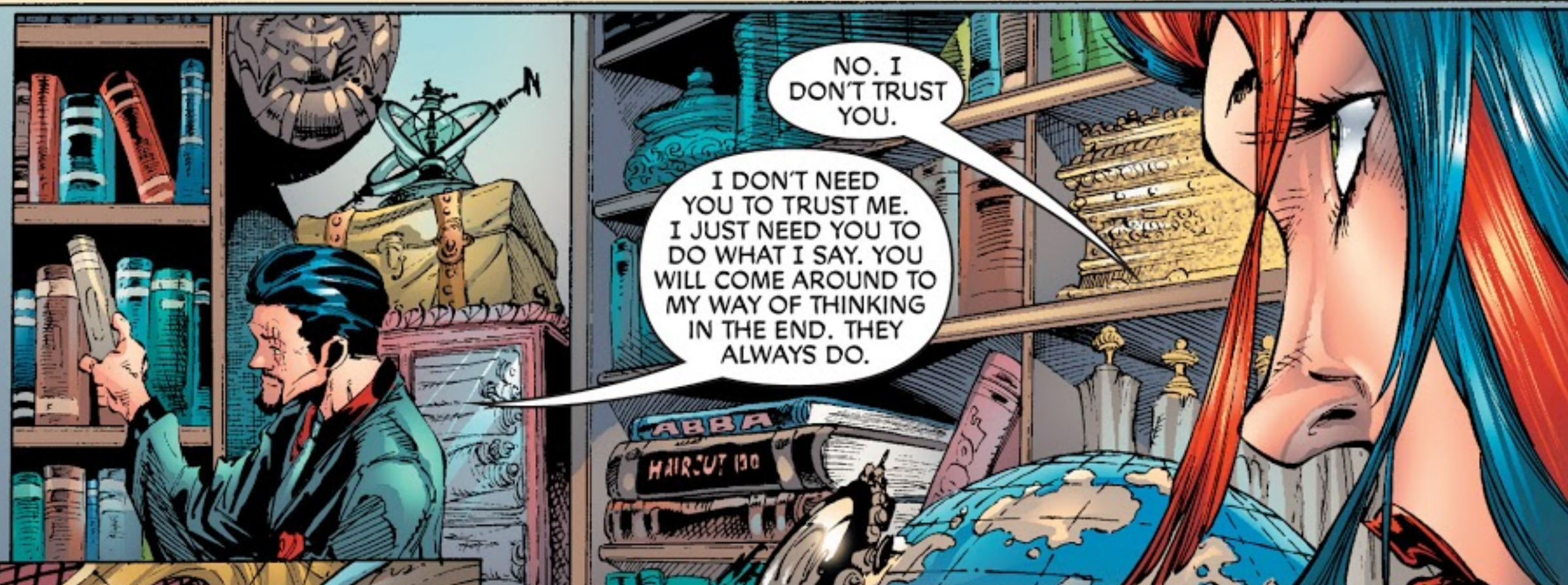
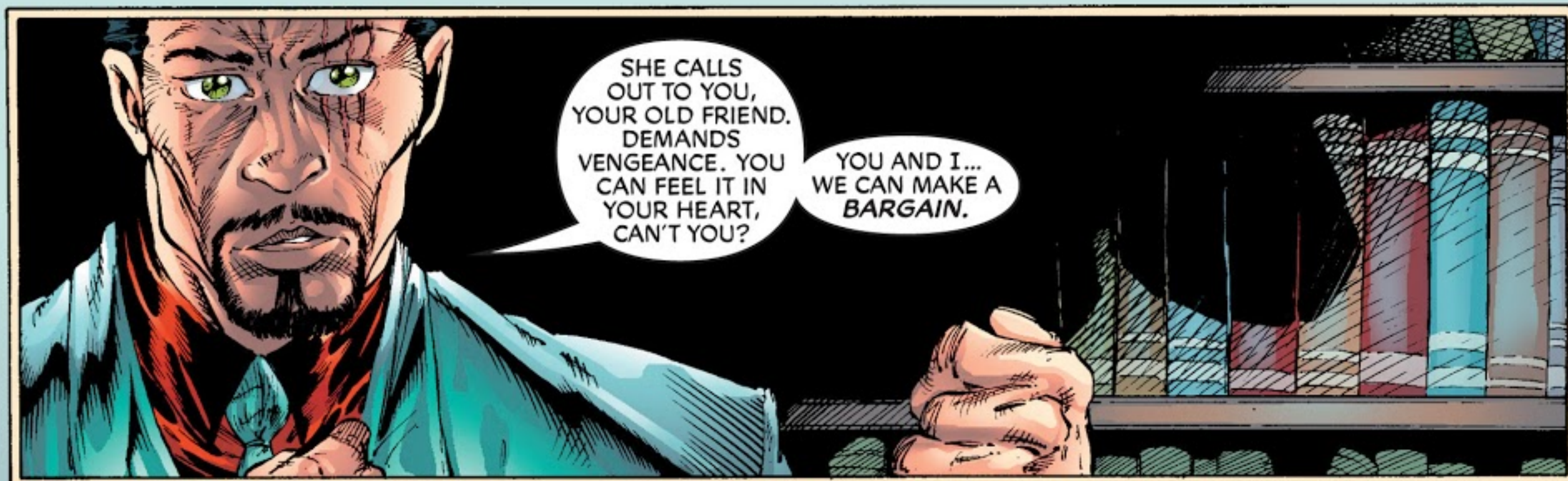
HER SAD, SLOW FINAL MOMENTS... ALONE WITHOUT A **FRIEND**...

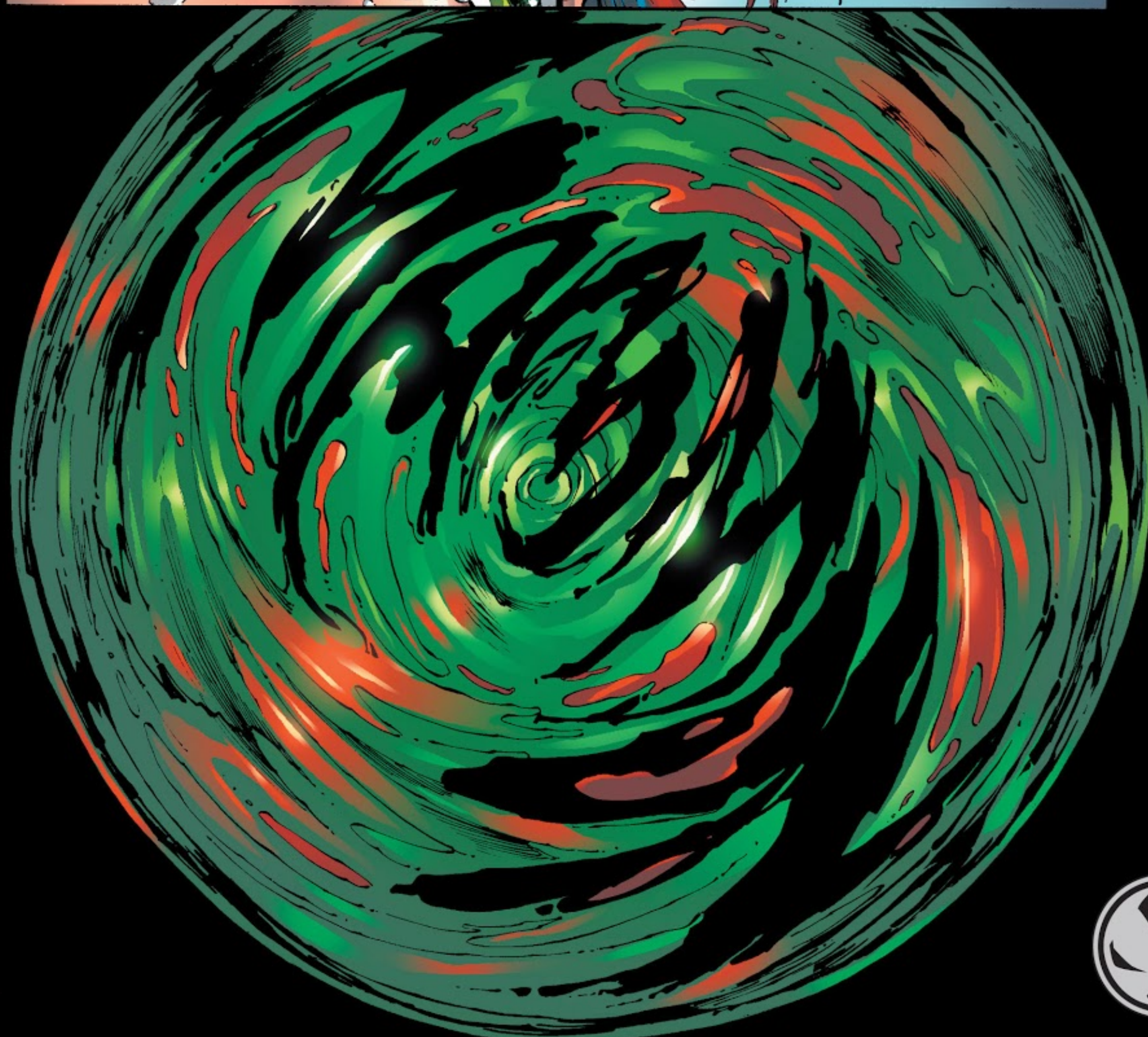
LYING IN THAT STINKING ALLEY... HER FLESH GROWN COLD AND STILL BEFORE THE FINAL BREATH LEFT HER BODY.

TRAGIC.









SPAWN



Capullo 3

DAVE
SMITH
04



TWELVE
YEARS
AGO.

YOU
GUYS
READY?

YEAH.



SURE YOU
WANT TO DO
THIS?

WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
THEA?
SCARED?



NO.
I JUST
MEAN...
WHAT ARE
WE LOOKING
FOR? WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TO
ASK IT?



MAYBE
WE SHOULD
ASK IF CARL
WILL EVER
GET HER
BOOBS.

FUN-NEE,
LILY.
GIVE ME
THAT.



NOW
REMEMBER,
EVERYONE STAY
FOCUSED. AND
DON'T TRY TO
FORCE IT. LET
IT MOVE BY
ITSELF.

THEA,
IF YOU GET
SCARED,
JUST TELL
US. WE'LL ALL
LET GO AT
ONCE.

PROMISE?

PROMISE.

READY?





SPIRITS OF THE OTHERWORLD, INVISIBLE MESSENGERS FROM BEYOND... WE, UM, INVOKE THEE.

WE CALL TO YOU WITH OPEN MINDS AND ILL WILL TOWARD NONE...SPIRITS, MAKE YOUR PRESENCE KNOWN...



GOD, LOOK AT US. WE WERE SO YOUNG.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

HEY, JUST SOME OLD PICTURES.



WOW, IS THAT YOU?

YEAH. ME, LILY AND THEA. WE WERE LIKE THE THREE MUSKETEERS GROWING UP. SLUMBER PARTIES, BIRTHDAYS, TIGER BEAT... ALL THAT GIRLIE STUFF.



CUTE.



WHEN WE WERE ABOUT 12, WE STARTED PLAYING WITH MAGIC. OUIJA BOARDS, THE TAROT, STUFF LIKE THAT. WE WERE ALL INTO IT.

ARE STILL IN TOUCH WITH THEM?

NO. A FEW YEARS LATER, LILY GOT ALL BORN AGAIN AND DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH US. I WENT THE OTHER DIRECTION OBVIOUSLY.

AND THEA...SHE DIED.

I'M SORRY.



"SHE SAW SOMETHING THE REST OF US COULDN'T. SHE KIND OF WENT CRAZY, I GUESS.

"SHE THOUGHT DEATH WAS STALKING HER."



I HAD
A DREAM
ABOUT
HER LAST
NIGHT.

A
GOOD
ONE?

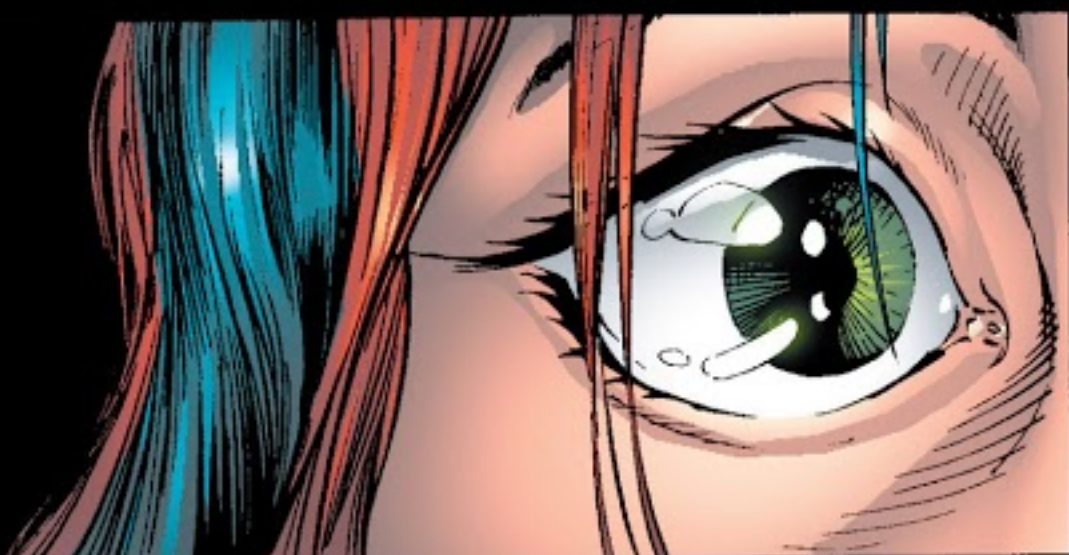
NO.
THE
OTHER
KIND.

IT'S JUST
A DREAM.
DON'T LET IT
BOTHER
YOU.

AL...
WHAT'S
HELL
LIKE?



AL.



I CAN'T
TELL YOU.
I MEAN THERE'S
NO WORDS.
THERE'S NOTHING...
THERE'S NO FRAME
OF REFERENCE
FOR IT.

WHATEVER
YOU'VE HEARD,
WHATEVER YOU
THINK, IT DOESN'T
BEGIN
TO DESCRIBE IT.

PLEASE.
I NEED TO
KNOW.

I CAN'T
TELL
YOU...



BUT
I CAN
SHOW
YOU.

AL...?





AAAAH!
NOOOO!
NOOO!
STOP IT!
PLEASE!!!

OH
GOD...
IT CAN'T
BE....

SO
AWFUL...
SO MUCH
WORSE...

SO MUCH
WORSE
THAN I
DREAMT.

I DIDN'T
KNOW...
I DIDN'T KNOW...
I SHOULD
NEVER HAVE
ASKED...

I'M
SORRY.

THAT'S
JUST A TASTE.
JUST THE MEREST
SHADOW OF
WHAT HELL IS
LIKE.





LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I AM *PLEASED* TO ANNOUNCE THAT THERE HAS BEEN A CHANGE IN OUR ITINERARY!

WE ARE ALL ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A *WONDROUS* AND *EXCITING* JOURNEY INTO THE *MYSTERIOUS*!

DON'T WORRY, FRIENDS-- THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM! EVERYONE'S INVITED! I PROMISE YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THE *TIME* OF YOUR *LIFE*!



NINE-ONE-ONE EMERGENCY.

HELLO? YEAH. I'M ON A CROSSTOWN BUS, I THINK WE'RE BEING HIJACKED OR--



BLAM!



HEY! NO CLOWNING AROUND BACK THERE!!



THERE'S BLOOD ON THE WIND TONIGHT. I PICK UP ITS SCENT LIKE A POLICE DOG.

BLOOD, CORDITE AND ADRENALIZED SWEAT. IT SMELLS OF VIOLENCE AND MADNESS.

AND BEHIND IT ALL, THERE'S THE SICK, SADISTIC JOY OF SOMEONE WHO THINKS THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH SOMETHING.

THERE'S NO EFFORT EVEN TO MASK IT. IT REACHES OUT ACROSS THE HORIZON LIKE A DARE.

SOMEONE WANTS TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION.

IT SEEMS THE LANDSCAPE ISN'T THE ONLY THING THAT'S FAMILIAR.

IT'S WHERE I USED TO LIVE.

THE TRAIL LEADS ME TO FAMILIAR TURF: THE ALLEYS.

A WARREN OF ABANDONED BUILDINGS AT THE SOUTH END OF THE BOWERY. AN URBAN LABYRINTH THAT SERVES AS A DUMPING GROUND FOR THE LOST AND HOPELESS.

A NAME FROM MY PAST HAS JUST RAISED ITS UGLY, MISSHAPEN HEAD.

CLOWN.

I THOUGHT I WAS THROUGH WITH YOU...







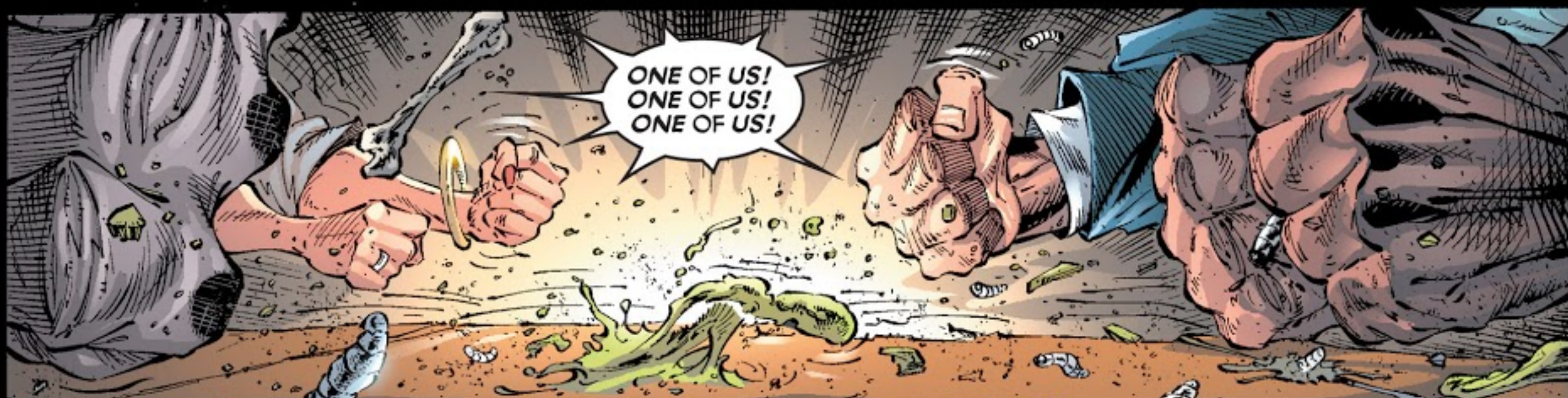
LOOK ALIVE, BROTHERS AND SISTERS. WE HAVE A **GUEST** IN OUR MIDST.

WELCOME, FRIEND, TO OUR **HUMBLE DIVERSION!** PREPARE FOR THE **THRILL RIDE** OF YOUR **LIFE!**

WITNESS **STRANGE CREATURES** OF **UNNATURAL AND UNGODLY ORIGINS!** LAUGH TILL YOU **CRY!** **CRY** TILL YOU **SCREAM!**

NOW... LET THE **GREAT WORK** BEGIN!

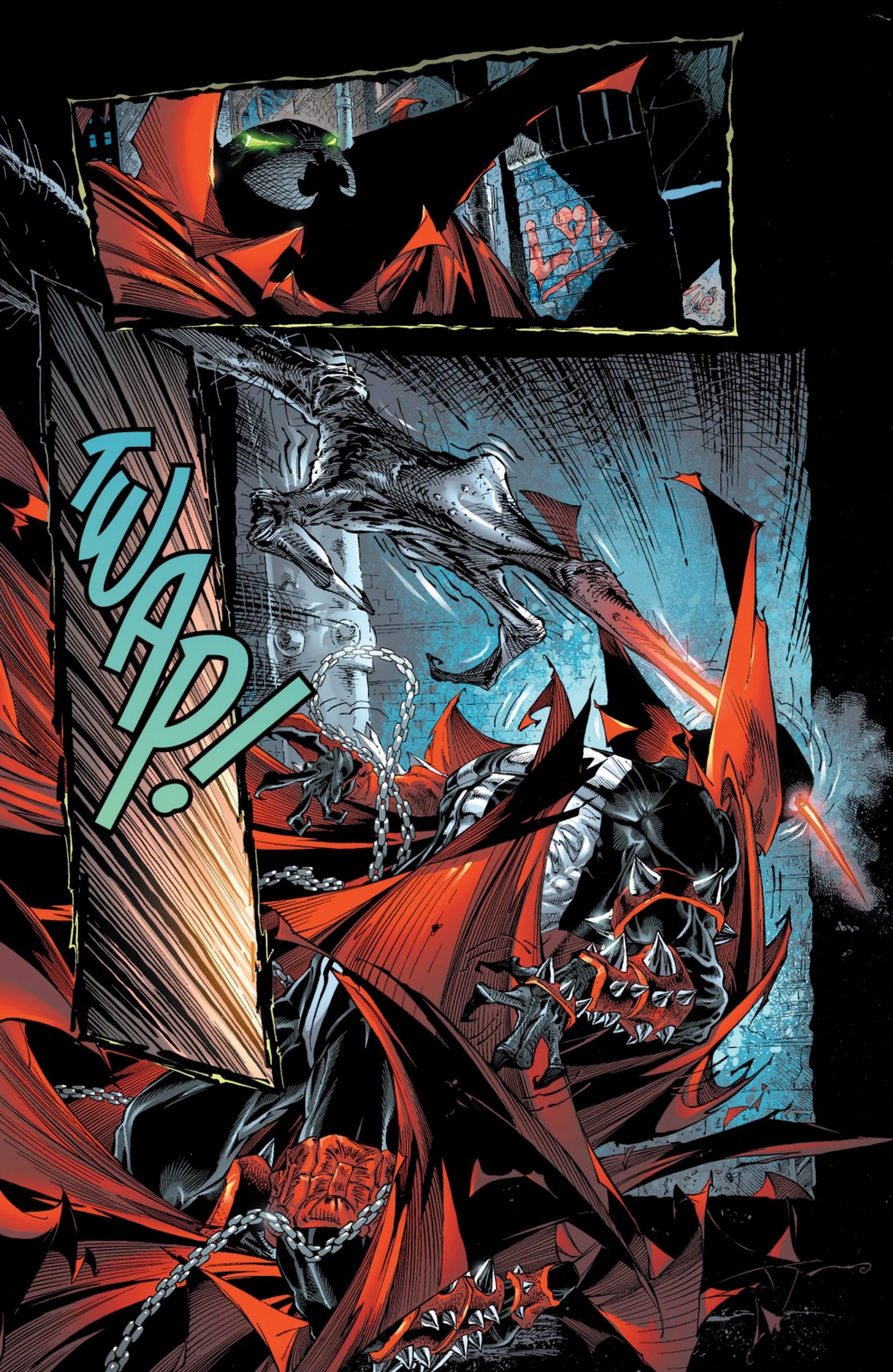




HELLO,
GORGEOUS...

DID YOU
MISS
ME?







'CUZ I
SURE
MISSED
THE HELL
OUT OF
YOU!

GAH!

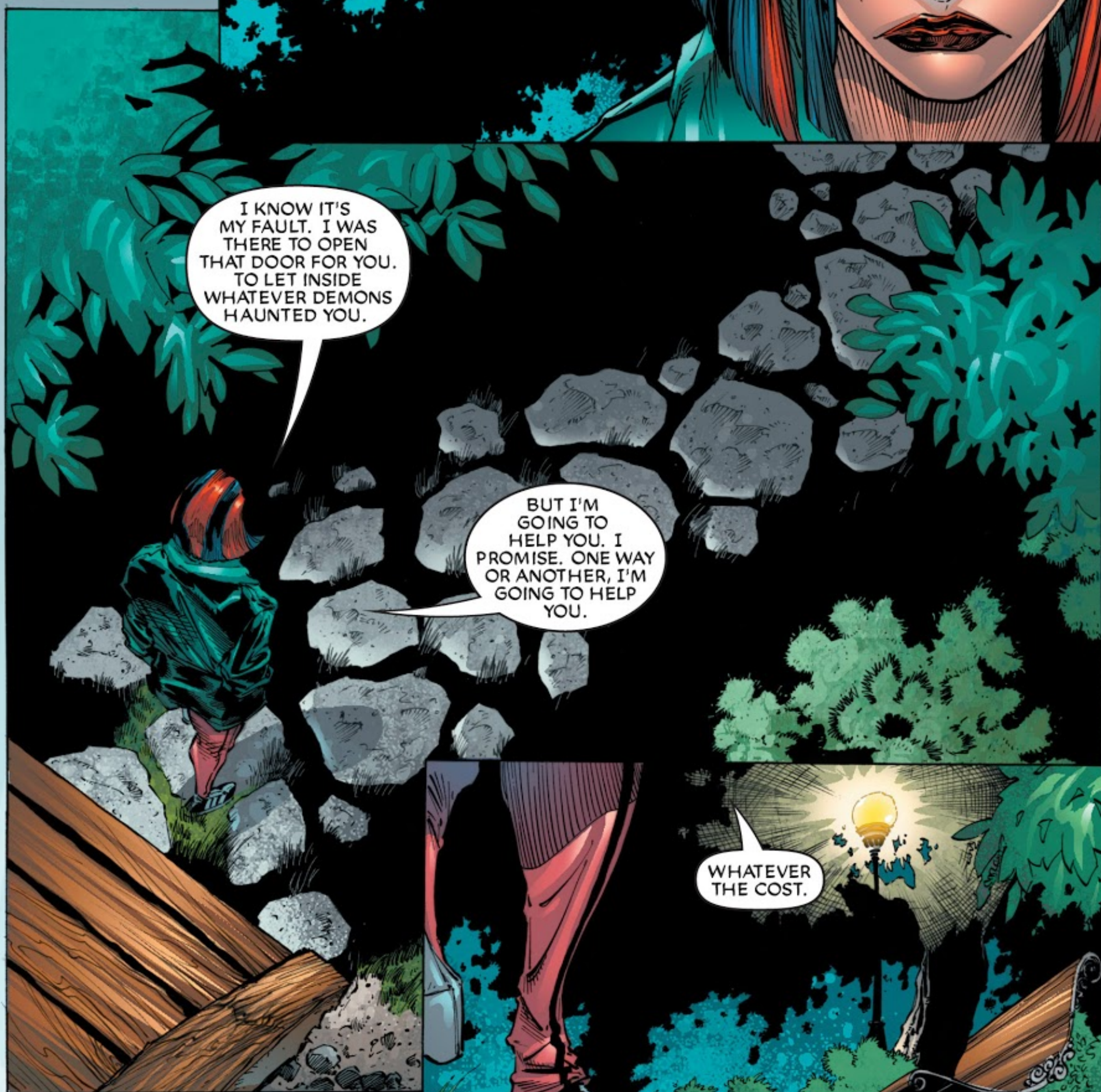
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!





ONE
OF US!
ONE OF
US!

THEA,
I'M SORRY. I
DIDN'T KNOW.
HOW COULD
I KNOW?



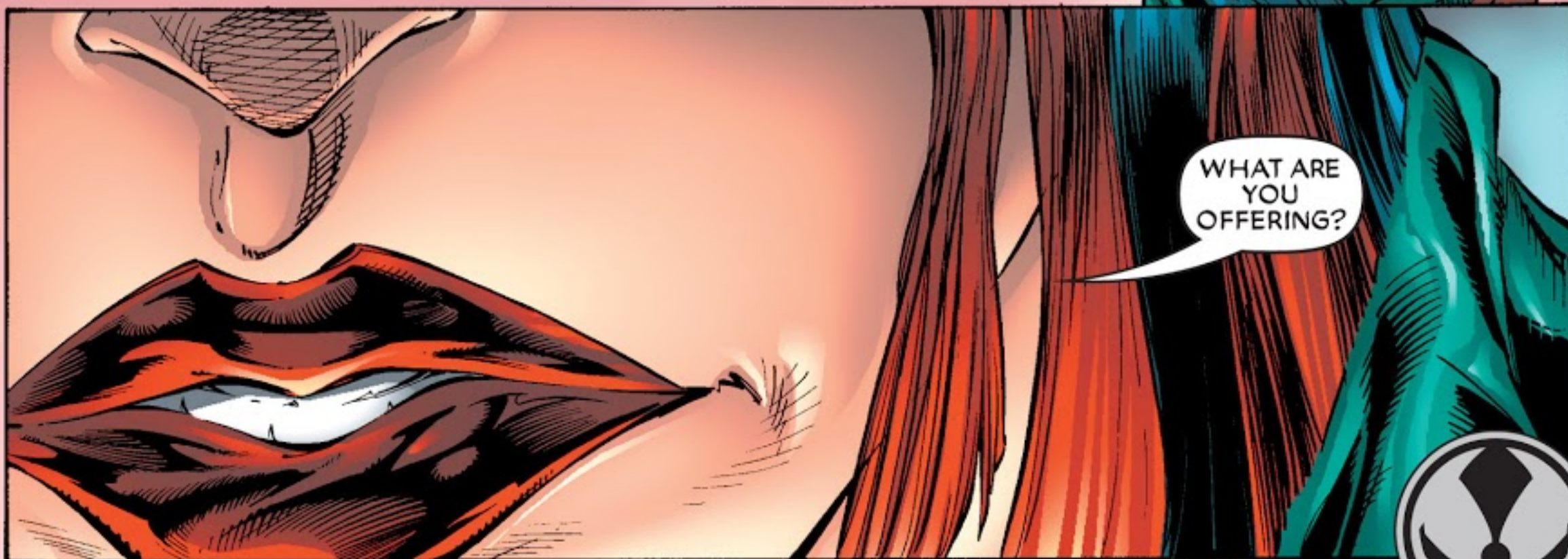
I KNOW IT'S
MY FAULT. I WAS
THERE TO OPEN
THAT DOOR FOR YOU.
TO LET INSIDE
WHATEVER DEMONS
HAUNTED YOU.

BUT I'M
GOING TO
HELP YOU. I
PROMISE. ONE WAY
OR ANOTHER, I'M
GOING TO HELP
YOU.

WHATEVER
THE COST.



I KNEW
YOU
WOULD
COME TO
YOUR
SENSES.



WHAT ARE
YOU
OFFERING?



SPAWN



Capullo 4

DANNY MIK 4

135



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**LADIES and
GENTLEMEN...**

A **FEW** WORDS BEFORE
WE PROCEED...

WHAT YOU
ARE ABOUT TO
WITNESS IS A TRULY
TERRIFYING
AND **BLOOD-CHILLING**
SCENE. ONE NOT SUITED FOR THE
FRAIL of MIND
OR **FAINT of**
HEART!

THOSE OF YOU
POSSESSED OF WEAKER
CONSTITUTIONS
ARE URGED TO TURN AWAY
NOW!
PLEASE, CONSIDER
YOURSELVES
WARNED!

VERY GOOD.
NOW, IF I MAY
DRAW YOUR
ATTENTION TO THE
CENTER
RING...





...BEHOLD THE
MAN!

OOOH!

DISGUSTING!

AAAAH!


VILE
THING!

IS IT...
IS IT
ALIVE?



LOOK AT IT,
THIS PATHETIC
CREATURE IN ALL
ITS LOATHSOME
GLORY.

CAREFUL NOW.
NOT TOO CLOSE.
YOU DON'T WANT TO
STARTLE IT.



DESPITE ITS **BRUTISH**
APPEARANCE, THE **HELLSPAWN**
IS CAPABLE OF ALMOST
HUMAN-LIKE EMOTIONS
AND REASONING.



IT IS
A VERY
CUNNING
BEAST.



CAN...
CAN IT DO
ANY
TRICKS?

ALAS,
NOT AT THE
MOMENT.



WE ARE
STANDING IN
A PARTICULAR
GEOGRAPHICAL
ANOMALY
KNOWN AS
THE **DEAD**
ZONE...

...AN AREA OF
THESE MAGNIFICENT
ALLEYS THAT RENDERS
THE **HELLSPAWN**
POWERLESS. RIGHT NOW,
HE'S AS HELPLESS AS A
DRUNKEN KITTIE.

ISN'T
THAT RIGHT,
BUBBIE?



GO
BACK TO
HELL.



HELL HAS
A WAY OF
FOLLOWING
YOU
AROUND.

FELLOWSHIP
RESCUE
MISSION.
NEWARK,
NEW JERSEY.

BACK
OF THE LINE,
MISS.

OH NO, I'M
NOT HERE FOR--
I'M LOOKING FOR A
LILLIAN REDGRAVE.
I UNDERSTAND
THAT SHE--

OFFICE.
IN THE BACK.
NEXT!

THANK
YOU.

EXCUSE
ME.

HELLO?
CAN I HELP
YOU?

LILY?

YES?
I'M SORRY...
DO I...?



CARRIE?
GOODNESS,
IS THAT
YOU?

LILY!

YOU LOOK, UM,
GREAT. HOW LONG
HAS IT BEEN?

TOO
LONG. GOD
IT'S GOOD
TO SEE
YOU.



THIS IS
CERTAINLY A
SURPRISE. I HOPE
EVERYTHING IS
ALL RIGHT.

NOT EXACTLY.
THIS MIGHT SOUND
CRAZY, BUT, WELL, DO
YOU REMEMBER
THEA?

YES. OF
COURSE I DO. I
HEARD ABOUT HER
PASSING. SUCH A
TRAGEDY. I WANT YOU
TO KNOW I PRAYED
FOR HER SOUL.

WELL,
THING IS...
HOW DO I PUT
THIS?

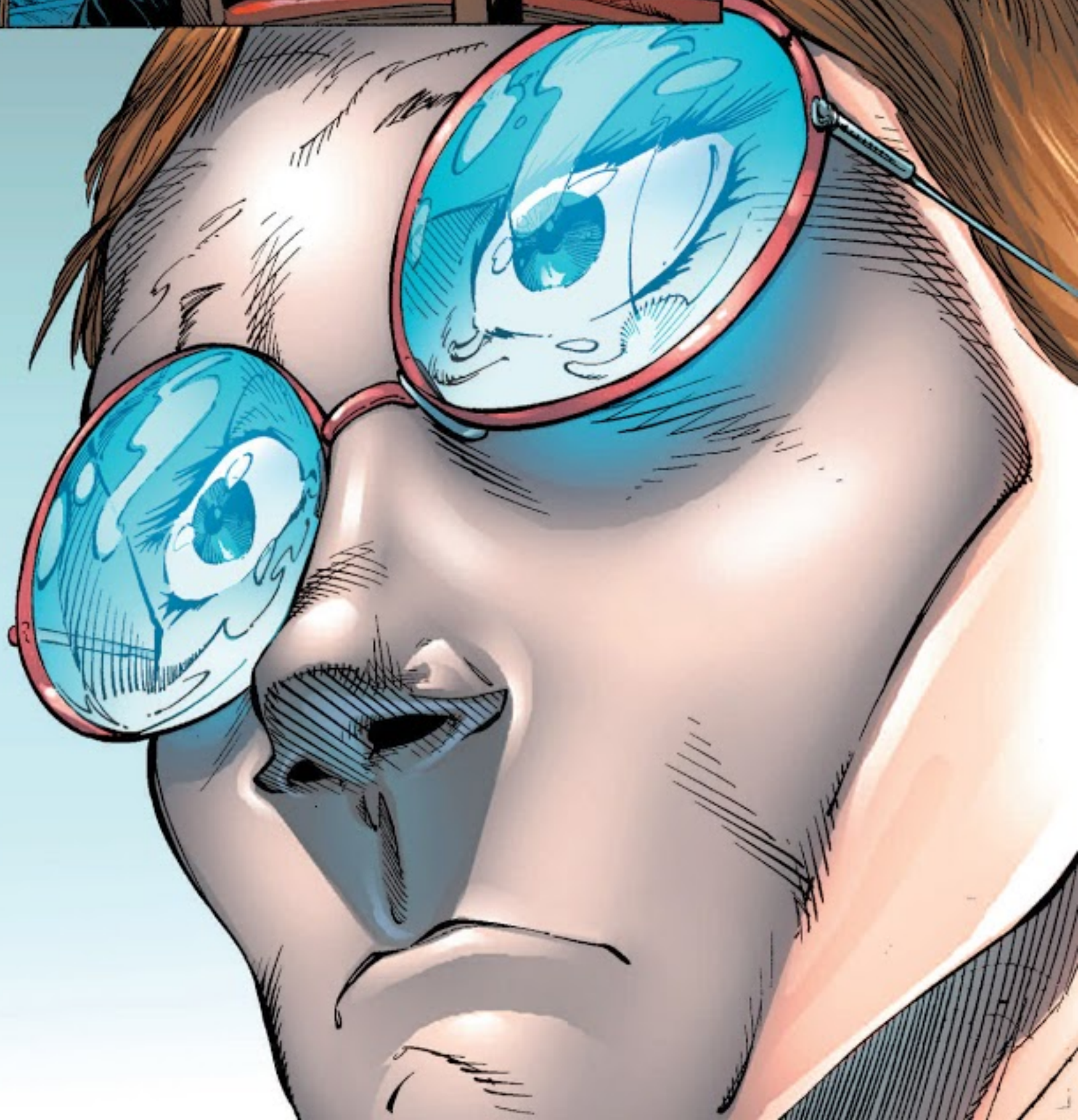


LET'S JUST
SAY THERE'S MORE
TO THE STORY THAN
YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO
SIT DOWN.

CARRIE,
WHAT IS
IT?

YOU REMEMBER
WHEN WE WERE KIDS?
THE THREE OF US. YOU,
ME AND THEA? THE THINGS
WE WOULD DO? PLAYING
WITH, YOU KNOW, WITH
MAGIC...

I DON'T
LIKE TO THINK
ABOUT THAT
PART OF MY LIFE.
I'M A DIFFERENT
PERSON
NOW.





SUCH A
FEARSOME CREATURE
TO BE BROUGHT SO LOW!
A WALKING *TRAGEDY* OF
HOMERIC PROPORTIONS.
DELIVERED HERE SOLELY
FOR OUR OWN
AMUSEMENT.

SO TELL
ME, MY FRIENDS.
WHAT SHOULD
WE DO WITH HIM?
POUND HIM INTO
A SOFT PASTE?
CHOP HIM INTO A
MILLION LITTLE
PIECES?

BAKE HIM
IN A *PIE* AND
SEND HIM
HOME TO HIS
MOTHER?

PIE!
PIE!

OR
SHOULD WE
JUST LEAVE
HIM DANGLING
THERE TO
SUFFER?

SUFFER!

SUFFER!

SUFFER!

PIE!

HE DON'T
LOOK SO GOOD.
ARE YOU SURE HE'S
STILL ALIVE?



HELLO?

I DON'T
THINK HE'S
BREATHING.

≥SIGH≤
WHAT DID
I TELL YOU
ABOUT...



WHOMP!

AAAAH!
HELLPUH!

UNCHAIN
ME OR I SNAP
HIS NECK.

ARE YOU
UNDER THE
IMPRESSION
YOU HOLD
SOMETHING I
VALUE? SILLY
RABBIT.



SLAAASH!!



I THOUGHT
YOU KNEW ME
BETTER THAN
THAT.

MINE!

MINE!

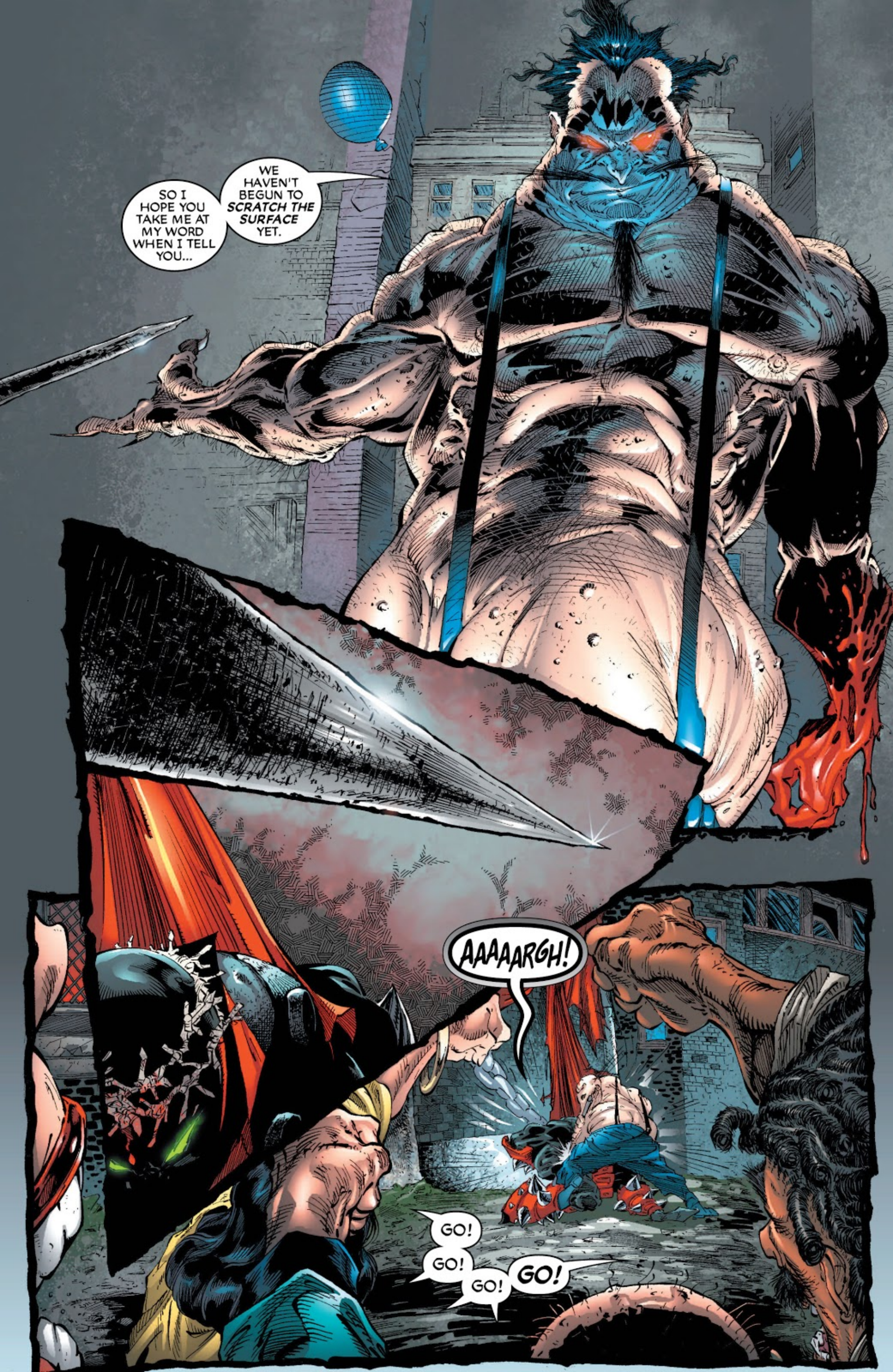
MINE!

CLEARLY,
OUR TIME
APART HAS
FOGGED YOUR
MEMORY.

OR
MAYBE
YOU HAVE
ME CONFUSED
WITH
SOMEONE
ELSE.

I THINK IT'S
TIME WE REACQUAINTED
OURSELVES. DO YOU
THINK I'M JUST PLAYING
GAMES HERE?

I EXIST IN
THIS WORLD FOR
ONE REASON ONLY:
TO HEAP UPON
YOU OCEANS
OF PAINS.



SO I
HOPE YOU
TAKE ME AT
MY WORD
WHEN I TELL
YOU...

WE
HAVEN'T
BEGUN TO
SCRATCH THE
SURFACE
YET.

AAAAARGH!

GO!

GO!

GO!

GO!



NOW, I
WANT YOU TO
CONCENTRATE.



I WANT YOU TO
FOCUS ON WHAT YOU'RE
FEELING. EVERY LAST DETAIL.
HOLD IT IN YOUR MIND,
CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.

BECAUSE,
BEFORE LONG,
YOU'RE GOING
TO LOOK BACK
AT THIS VERY
MOMENT...



AS THE
HAPPIEST OF
YOUR LIFE. IT'S
ALL DOWNHILL
FROM HERE, I'M
AFRAID.

WE HAVE
A **BAD**
LITTLE PUPPY
HERE WHO'S GONE
ASTRAY! WHAT
DO WE DO TO
BAD LITTLE
DOGGIES?!

**WHAT
DO WE
DO?**

**TEACH
HIM.**

SPLAAANG!



TEACH HIM!

TEACH HIM!

TEACH HIM!

TEACH HIM!





ENOUGH!
LET ME HIM
BE... FOR NOW.
IT'S IMPORTANT
HE'S GIVEN TIME
TO ABSORB HIS
LESSONS.



NOW,
GATHER UP OUR
FALLEN COMRADE
OVER THERE AND
FOLLOW ME.



HURRY
ALONG. IT'S
ALMOST
DINNER
TIME.



I SAID, I
THINK YOU BETTER
LEAVE. I'LL HAVE
NO PART OF THIS
WICKEDNESS.

YOU WERE
THERE. YOU KNOW
THIS STUFF IS REAL.
IT WON'T BE EASY,
BUT I THINK WE
CAN *HELP* HER.

DON'T
TELL ME
WHAT I KNOW.
I WANT YOU
OUT OF MY
OFFICE.



DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?
THEA IS IN HELL.
HELL! CAN YOU
IMAGINE WHAT IT'S
LIKE? WE CAN'T
JUST LEAVE HER
THERE.



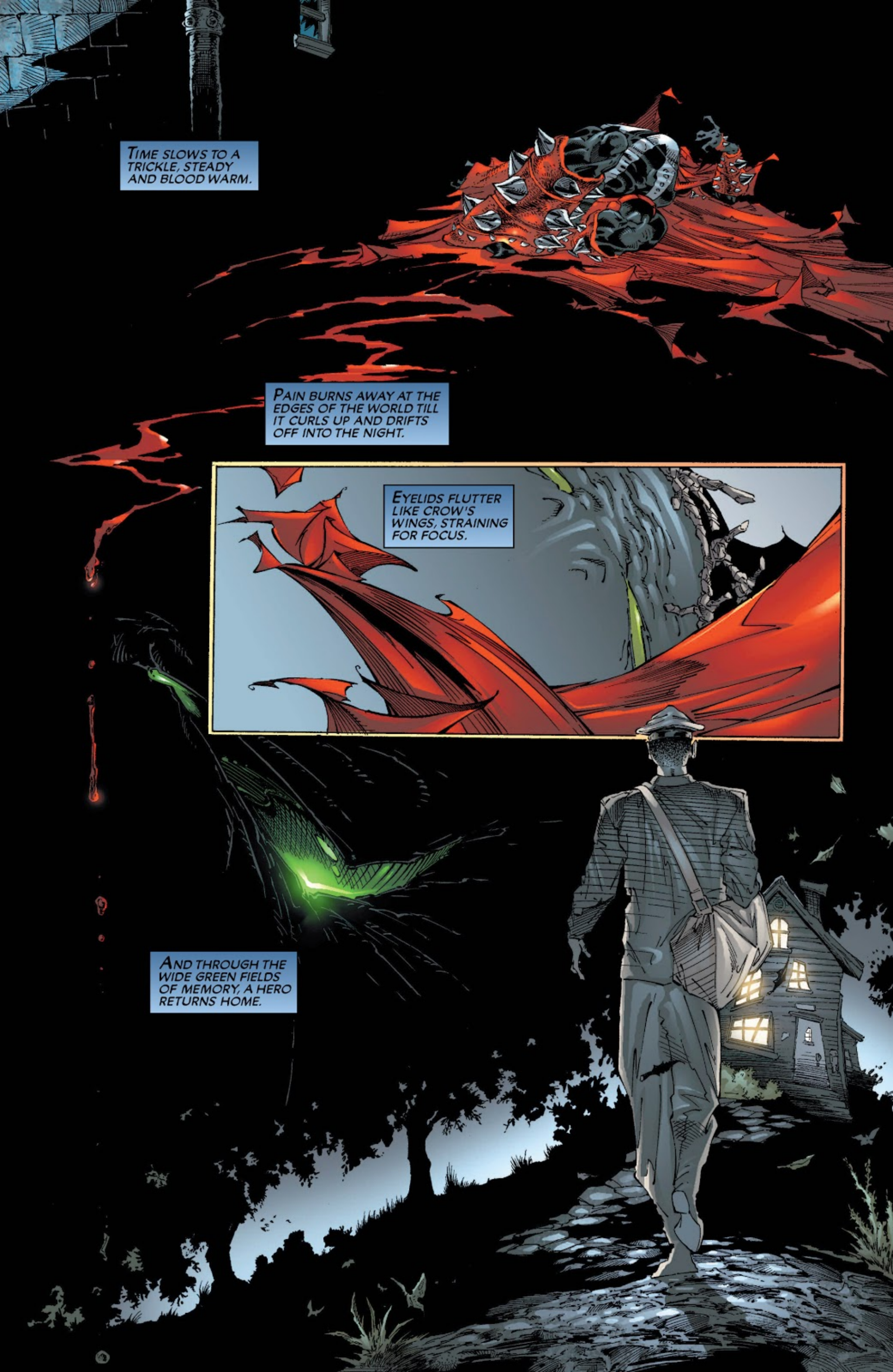
IF OUR POOR
THEA IS... WHERE
YOU SAY SHE IS... SHE
DID SOMETHING TO
DESERVE IT. JUDGMENT IS
NOT OUR RIGHT. I WANT
NOTHING MORE TO DO
WITH YOU, CARRIE.
PLEASE GO.

BUT
LILY...

I'LL
PRAY FOR
THEA. THAT'S
ALL I CAN
DO. PRAY
FOR HER
SOUL...


... AND
YOURS.





TIME SLOWS TO A
TRICKLE, STEADY
AND BLOOD WARM.

PAIN BURNS AWAY AT THE
EDGES OF THE WORLD TILL
IT CURLS UP AND DRIFTS
OFF INTO THE NIGHT.



EYELIDS FLUTTER
LIKE CROW'S
WINGS, STRAINING
FOR FOCUS.

AND THROUGH THE
WIDE GREEN FIELDS
OF MEMORY, A HERO
RETURNS HOME.





HELLO?
ANYONE
HOME?

SORRY IT'S
TAKEN ME SO LONG.
I KNOW I SHOULD HAVE
STOPPED BY SOONER. I
GUESS I KIND OF GOT
SIDETRACKED.

YOU KNOW
HOW TIME JUST
SORT OF SLIPS
AWAY FROM YOU
SOMETIMES.



HELLO?

MOM?
DAD?



YOUR PSYCHE IS
A VERY CROWDED PLACE
THESE DAYS. YOU REALLY
SHOULD CHARGE RENT; SO
MANY PEOPLE ARE LIVING
IN YOUR HEAD.

GET OUT! YOU
DON'T BELONG
HERE. WHERE'S MY
FATHER? WHERE'S
MY MOTHER?



WHAT REALLY HAPPENED HERE, I WONDER. WHAT HAPPENED IN THIS HOUSE THAT *MADE* YOU WHAT YOU ARE?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE AWFUL.

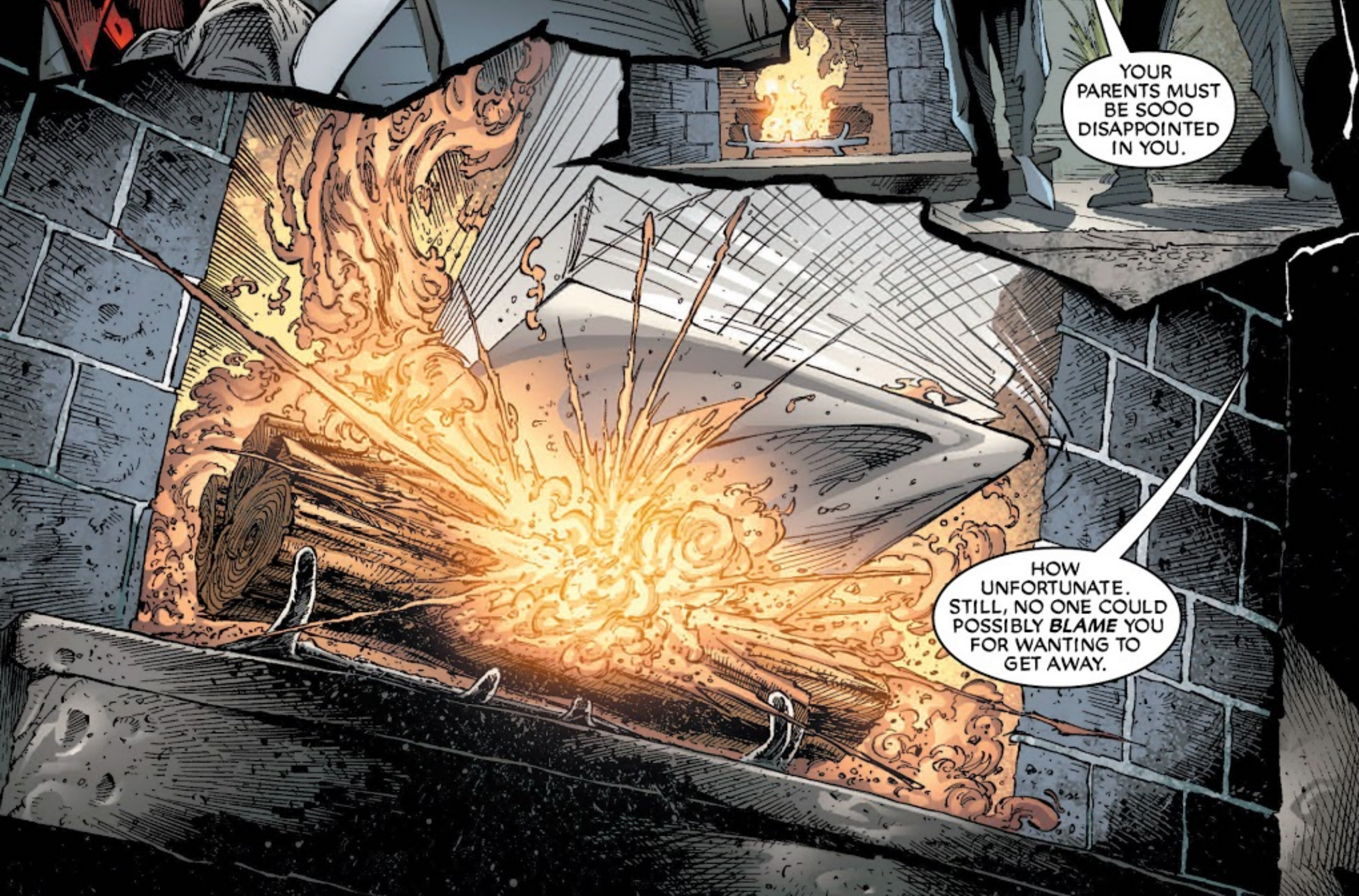


THE KIND OF THING THAT WOULD TURN ANYONE INTO A *MONSTER*.



SHUT UP! SHUT UP! GET OUT! LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ONCE!

YOUR PARENTS MUST BE SOOO DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.



HOW UNFORTUNATE. STILL, NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY *BLAME* YOU FOR WANTING TO GET AWAY.



SOUP'S ON,
CHILDREN!

EAT UP,
MY DARLINGS.
WASTE NOT, WANT
NOT! THERE'S KIDS
STARVING IN
CHINA!

WHUUMP!

I SAW IT
FIRST!

NO...
I MEAN
THAT'S MY
ARM!

SORRY.

I WANT
THE
SPLEEN!

MINE!

HEY!
THAT'S MY
ARM!

FOOOOD
FIIIGGHT!



LOOK AT THEM.
SO PALE AND PRECIOUS.
SO FULL OF PROMISE.
≥ SNFF ≤ IT'S ENOUGH TO
BRING A TEAR TO A
MOTHER'S EYE.

JUST
ONE BIG
HAPPY
FAMILY.



MMMM...
PANCREAS!



IT'S TRUE
WHAT THEY SAY.
IT REALLY IS THE
SIMPLE PLEASURES
THAT MAKE LIFE
WORTHWHILE.



SPAWN



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DIGITAL
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OVERTURE:

THE WITCH WOMAN STANDS AT A CROSSROADS, HER HEART TORN BETWEEN LOYALTIES.

ONE FRIEND GONE MISSING, ANOTHER LOST TO DARKEST DESPAIR. IN THE END, SHE HAS BEEN TOLD, SHE CAN ONLY SAVE ONE.

SAVE ONE AND SENTENCE THE OTHER TO DOOM.

SHE CAN TASTE ADRENALINE IN HER MOUTH, BITTER AND STINGING. THE TASTE OF GUILT.

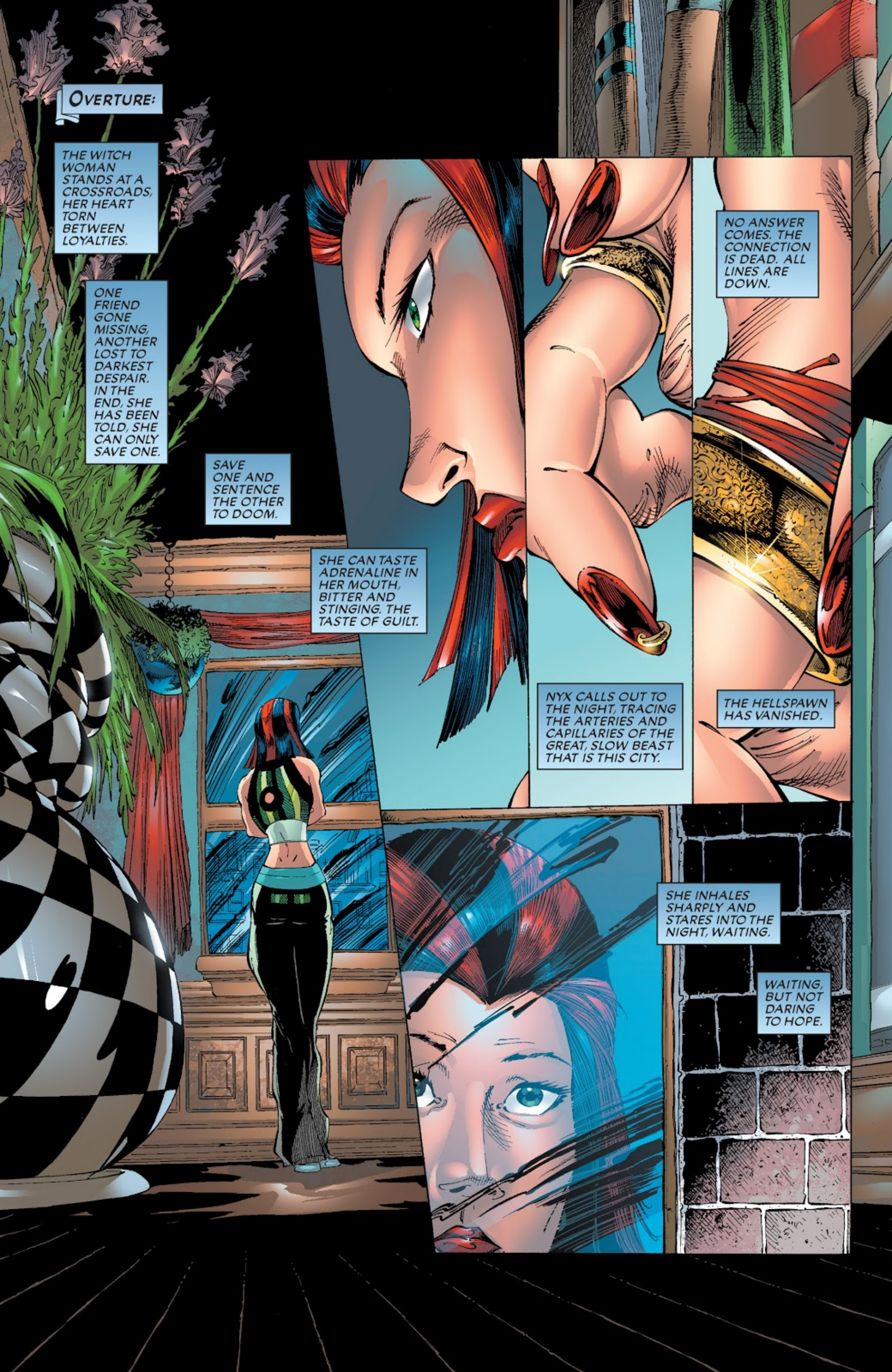
NYX CALLS OUT TO THE NIGHT, TRACING THE ARTERIES AND CAPILLARIES OF THE GREAT, SLOW BEAST THAT IS THIS CITY.

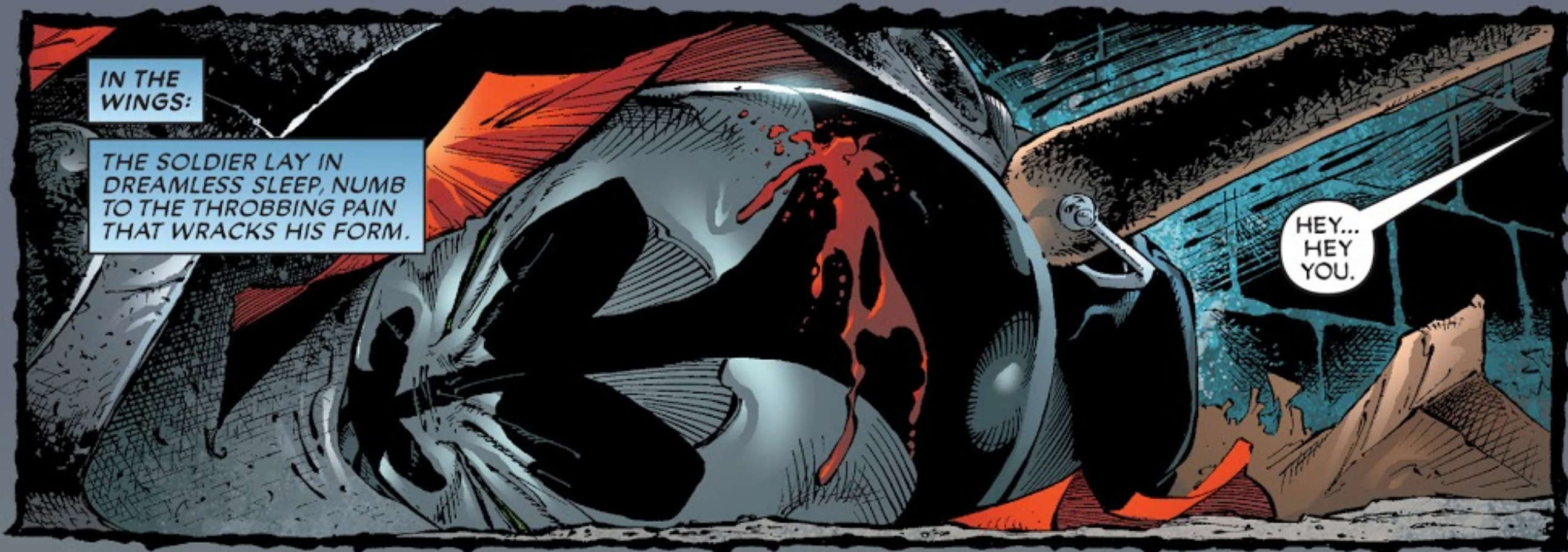
NO ANSWER COMES. THE CONNECTION IS DEAD. ALL LINES ARE DOWN.

THE HELLSPAWN HAS VANISHED.

SHE INHALES SHARPLY AND STARES INTO THE NIGHT, WAITING.

WAITING, BUT NOT DARING TO HOPE.





IN THE WINGS:

THE SOLDIER LAY IN DREAMLESS SLEEP, NUMB TO THE THROBBING PAIN THAT WRACKS HIS FORM.

HEY...
HEY YOU.



HE
BREATHING?

YEAH.
JUST
BARELY.

STRIPPED OF HIS
POWERS, BEATEN
AND HUMILIATED,
HE IS LITTLE
MORE THAN A
BATTERED SACK
OF FRACTURED
BONES AND
BRUISED ORGANS.



WHAT
A MESS,
HUH? COME
ON, LET'S
DO THIS.

YET DEEP INSIDE,
BENEATH THE
DARK WAVES OF
OBLIVION, A PART
OF HIM IS AWARE.



THE
BIG GUY IS
WAITING.

ALERT TO THE
FACT THAT THE
WORST IS YET
TO COME.



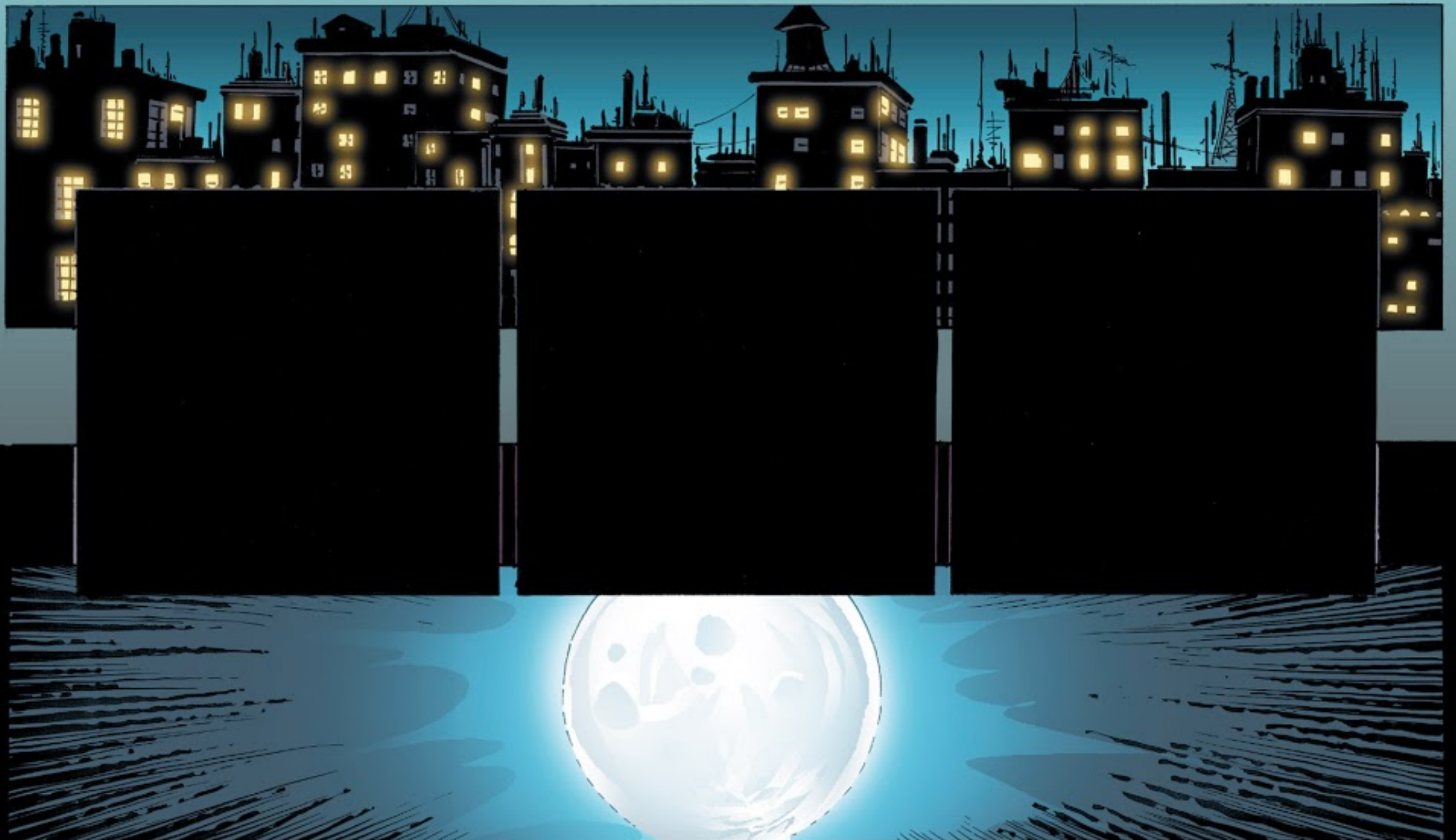


THEA...



REMEMBER,
IN THE END, ONLY
YOU CAN SAVE
HER. PLEASE, GIVE
TILL IT HURTS.

1-800-555-THEA



THE MIDWAY.





CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS. A SLOW, DULL ACHE AT FIRST.

UHHH-



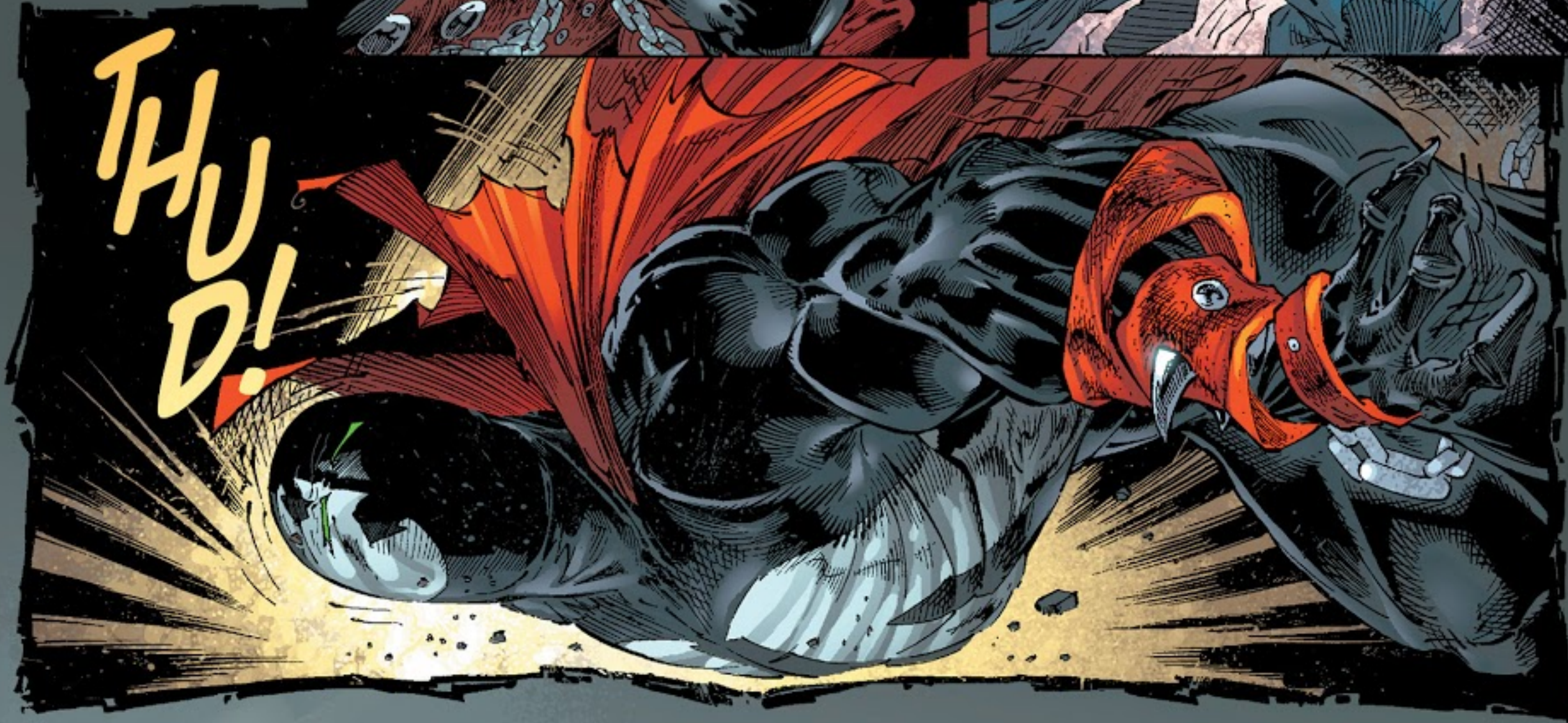
THEN A HURLING FREIGHT TRAIN OF PAIN.



INSTINCTIVELY, THE HELLSPAWN REVERTS TO HIS HUMAN FORM.

AAAAAAAH!

IT TAKES A TORTURED HEARTBEAT TO REALIZE HIS MISTAKE.



THUD!



SCRAP BY SCRAP, HE GATHERS STRENGTH. SPED BY A WARRIOR'S WILL, AS COLD AND UNBENDING AS HELL-FORGED STEEL.



IGNORE THE PAIN. FIGHT PAST IT.



SOMEONE COULD BE WATCHING. DON'T LET THEM SEE HOW MUCH YOU HURT.

WHERE AM I?
HE THINKS. STILL
IN THE ALLEYS?

OUT OF THE DEAD ZONE, AT LEAST.
THE CHAINS THAT BIND HIM TO
HIMSELF MOVE WITH LIFE AGAIN.

THE BLOOD-
STAINED
MANTLE
FOLLOWS IN
TURN.

IN THE DISTANCE, A STRANGE
LIGHT FLICKERS. THE DISTANT
STRAINS OF A CALLIOPE HANG
IN THE STILL NIGHT AIR.

HE MOVES
FORWARD,
STEADFAST
AND DEFIANT.

NO FEAR.

NEVER SHOW
ANY FEAR.

IS
THIS A
JOKE?

CONBU...
MASTER DE HELL-FIRE



WHERE ARE YOU?

HUNTER



ASTONISH

AT THE

FREAK



DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON THE LUDAS

FALLEN ANGEL



I'M NOT AMUSED.



THE MUSIC GROWS LOUDER, MORE GIDDY.

WHEELING CHROMATIC SCALES LEAPING OCTAVE BY OCTAVE AND THEN FALLING DOWN TO EARTH AGAIN WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH.



THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN.

THE
CENTER
RING.

BON SOIR,
MON AMI!
I WAS
BEGINNING
TO THINK
WE'D LOST
YOU.

**LADIES and
GENTLEMEN,
CRETINS OF ALL AGES--**
MAY I PRESENT TO YOU THE MOST
SAD AND PATHETIC SACK OF SHIT
EVER TO STUMBLE ITS WAY
ACROSS CREATION.

HE'S TRAVELED
FROM THE HEIGHTS OF
Heaven TO THE
DEPTHS OF **HELL**
AND STILL CAN'T TELL
HIS ASS FROM HIS
SPIKY ELBOW.

BUT HE IS OUR
GUEST, AND HE DOES
PROMISE TO AMUSE AND
ENTERTAIN EVERY LAST ONE OF
YOU. SO PLEASE, PLEASE,
GIVE HIM A ROUND OF
APPLAUSE.

BOO!

BOO!
LOOSER!

LET'S
PLAY. I'M NOT
POWERLESS
ANYMORE.

YOU
WANT TO
PLAY,
CLOWN?

PLAYTIME
IS OVER, SUNSHINE.
WE'RE PAST FUN 'N'
GAMES. SEE, THERE USED
TO BE RULES. YOU HAD TO
PLAY BY THEM, I HAD TO
PLAY BY THEM. NOT
ANYMORE.

REMEMBER THAT
OLD FOOL WHO TOOK
THE **THRONE OF HELL**
FROM YOU? HE'S LOCKED
HIMSELF AWAY. LEFT THE
FOXES IN CHARGE OF
THE HEN HOUSE.

WE'VE
BEEN LEFT
ALL ON OUR
OWN, WITHOUT
ADULT
SUPERVISION.
IMAGINE
THAT.

AND
NOW, FOR OUR
MAIN EVENT!
A BATTLE FOR THE
HEARTS AND SOULS OF
A GENERATION!

A CLASH OF
CHAMPIONS,
A TUSSELE BETWEEN
TITANS. A
GRAND MELEE
TO REMEMBER FOR
ALL TIME.

STANDING
IN THIS CORNER,
WEARING HIS
UNBREAKABLE WILL
ON HIS **SLEEVE**
AND CARRYING THE
WEIGHT OF THE
WORLD
ON HIS HUNKY
SHOULDERS...

THE
HELLSPAWN!

KICK HIS ASS!

KICK HIS
ASS!

BOO! BOOO!

KICK HIS ASS!

QUIET.

COME ON,
SIMMONS. LET'S
GIVE 'EM A SHOW.
REMEMBER THE
FIRST RULE OF
SHOW BIZ...

AND
IN THIS
CORNER, THE
PERRIOT OF
PERDITION, THE
CLOWN
PRINCE
OF THE
STYGIAN
DEPTHS.

YOU KNOW
HIM, YOU LOVE
HIM, CHILDREN WAIL
IN THE NIGHT ON THE
MERE MENTION
OF HIM....

MAY I
PRESENT...

DEATH
ON TWO
LEGS.

ALWAYS
GIVE THE
SUCKERS
WHAT **THEY**
WANT!

OOF!

SLAAM!!

COME ON, BOY! I HOPED YOU HAD A LITTLE MORE SPIRIT LEFT IN YOU!

AAAAH!

AT LEAST PRETEND YOU'VE GOT A HOPE IN HELL OF MAKING IT THROUGH THE NEXT TWO MINUTES ALIVE!

WE'VE GOT TO GIVE THE ASSES OF THE MASSES THEIR NICKEL'S WORTH!!

THAT'S IT! SELL IT TO THE CHEAP SEATS! I KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU!

NOW, SHOW THEM YOUR GOOD SIDE AND TOSS OFF A MEMORABLE LINE OF HEROIC DIALOGUE.



SHUT
UP.

OKAY...
MAYBE WE'LL
PUNCH THAT UP IN
EDITING. NOW REALLY
LET ME HAVE IT. COME AT
ME WITH EVERYTHING
YOU'VE GOT! THAT'S
IT! THAT'S IT!

OOH...
I'M ON THE
ROPE NOW. IT
SEEMS THE TIDE
IS TURNING!
THE CROWD
IS ON THEIR
FEET!

BREAK
HIM!

DESTROY
HIM!

KILL
HIM!



HOW DOES HE DO IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN?

ODDS STACKED AGAINST HIM, PUMMELED AND PUNISHED, FIGHTING AGAINST MIND-SEARING PAIN, YET HE KEEPS COMING!

NOW, THAT IS HEART! THAT IS THE STUFF OF LEGENDS! THE UNBREAKABLE SPIRIT, THE COURAGE OF A KING!

KEEP TALKING!

AARGH!

I'VE BEATEN YOU BEFORE. I'LL BEAT YOU AGAIN.



IN HAM!

HAHAHA!
HAVEN'T YOU
WORKED IT OUT
YET? IT DOESN'T
MATTER IF YOU BEAT
ME! I'M NOT HERE TO
WIN. I'M ONLY HERE
TO MAKE SURE
YOU LOSE.

AND
TO MAKE
SURE THAT
EVERY ATOM IN
YOUR BEING
KNOWS
YOU'VE
LOST.

HOORAY!

KILL HIM!

YEAH!

KRUNCH!

UFF!

WE MAY BE
OLD FOES. BUT
WE BOTH KNOW
FULL WELL WHO
YOUR WORST
ENEMY IS.

IT'S THAT
FELLOW WHO
STARES BACK AT
YOU WHENEVER
YOU MAKE THE
MISTAKE OF
GAZING IN A
MIRROR.

KILL
HIM!

RIP
HIM TO
PIECES!

THE SAD
LITTLE FOOL
ONLY GETS SO
FAR UP THE
LADDER BEFORE
SLIDING ALL THE
WAY DOWN
AGAIN!

SURELY,
YOU MUST
HAVE RECOGNIZED
THE PATTERN BY
NOW. JUST ADMIT IT:
YOU WERE BORN
TO LOSE, BORN
TO FAIL!

PHOOOM!

ABANDON
ALL HOPE!

NO...
NEVER...





NOW, IT'S
TIME TO POLL
OUR STUDIO
AUDIENCE!

DO WE
SEND OUR
CONTESTANT
PACKING? OR DO
WE SEND HIM ON
TO THE NEXT
ROUND!

...NEVER...
GIVE UP...

...UHH...

REMEMBER,
HIS FATE IS
ENTIRELY IN YOUR
HANDS! WHAT'S
YOUR VERDICT!
PLEASE, **VOTE**
NOW!





WHAT THE
HELL
HAPPENED?

BLACKOUT.

GOD DAMN IT.

GET COMFY,
FOLKS. IT'S
GOING TO BE A
WILD, DARK
NIGHT.

AND A
LONG TIME
TILL
DAWN.



SPAWN



Capullo 4

Penny
G.M.F.

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...JUST JOINING US, A MASSIVE BLACKOUT HAS ENGULFED MANHATTAN. WHILE AUTHORITIES ARE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE OUTAGE, A CITY SPOKESMAN SAID THEY ARE WORKING ON THE PROBLEM AND HOPE TO HAVE POWER RESTORED SOON. MEANWHILE, AUTHORITIES URGE CITIZENS TO REMAIN CALM AND TO STAY WHERE THEY ARE. ALL BRIDGES AND TUNNELS INTO THE BOROUGH ARE NOW CLOSED, SO IF YOU WERE HEADING INTO THE CITY TONIGHT, BETTER MAKE OTHER PLANS.



BROADWAY HAS GONE DARK, AS THEY SAY, AND SO HAS THE ENTIRE CITY. WHICH MEANS TONIGHT'S RED CARPET GALA FOR THE FILM EPIC "ACHILLES LAST STAND" WILL HAVE TO BE POSTPONED. SORRY, A-LISTERS, NO CELEBRITY GIFT BAGS FOR YOU TONIGHT. MEANWHILE, IN FASHION NEWS, WE'RE HEARING REPORTS OF ROVING GANGS OF HOOLIGANS DECKED OUT IN BLUE FACE PAINT...



OF COURSE, IF YOU ARE IN MANHATTAN YOU CAN'T SEE THIS. BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF VIEWERS IN THE OUTER BOROUGH. SO MY QUESTION TO YOU, MY LOYAL AUDIENCE, IS THIS: HOW MUCH MORE CAN WE TAKE? THE FAT CATS AT CITY HALL KEEP SCREWING UP AND US REGULAR JOES HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE MESS. THEY CAN'T FILL THE POTHOLES, CAN'T PICK UP THE GARBAGE AND CAN'T KEEP THE SCUM OFF THE STREET. AND NOW, THEY CAN'T EVEN KEEP THE LIGHTS ON. SO, HOW LONG TILL WE SNAP?



"HOW LONG TILL THE
ENTIRE CITY JUST
COLLAPSES UNDER
THE WEIGHT OF ITS
OWN CHAOS?"



CHRIST, WHAT'S THAT HOWLING? IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S HAVING A WILDING CONVENTION.

HANG ON A SEC, TWITCH. YEAH, I'M STILL HERE. ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME? THE WHOLE FRIGGIN' CITY? WELL THAT'S JUST GREAT. HAS TO HAPPEN ON MY SHIFT.

THERE'S SOME KIND OF COMMOTION JUST AHEAD. WE'RE GOING TO CHECK IT OUT. GUESS IT DIDN'T TAKE THE LOOTERS LONG, DID IT?

WAIT. WHAT? KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR WHAT? I DIDN'T COPY THAT...

CLOWNS? WHAT? DID YOU SAY CLOWNS? AS IN DEE-DEE-DEEDLE-DEEDLE, BIG SHOES, FRIGHT-WIG, RIDING A UNICYCLE CLOWNS? UM, OKAY...

IT IS THE PAIN
THAT DRAGS
SPAWN OUT
OF THE SAFE
HARBOR OF
HIS SLUMBERS.

PAIN AND
HUMILIATION.

AND THE
ECHOES
OF A
MADMAN'S
CACKLE
RINGING
THROUGH
HIS HEAD.

"THAT WAS JUST
THE BEGINNING.
I HAVEN'T EVEN
BEGUN TO
BREAK YOU!"

WHAT COULD
HE HAVE MEANT
BY THAT?

NO TIME TO PONDER
NOW. IN THE DISTANCE
ARE THE SOUNDS OF
CHAOS. SCREAMS OF
TERROR AND PLEAS
FOR HELP.

A CITY CRIES
OUT IN FEAR,
LOST IN THE
DARKNESS...





LEAVE THEM
ALONE.

ABSOLUTELY.

WE AIM
TO
PLEASE.



UM...
HANG IN
THERE, MISTER.
WE'RE GONNA
GO TO...
UH... GET
HELP...

UGH!





NO.

SMAAK!

SLAAM!

NOT JUST YET.



HE'S BACK. I CAN FEEL IT. LIKE HE JUST REAPPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE.

AND NOW HE'S OUT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF WHATEVER MADNESS IS ENVELOPING THE CITY.

HE NEEDS HELP.



Ping!

WEIRD. POWER'S OUT BUT THE ELEVATOR'S RUNNING.



MUST BE AN EMERGENCY BACKUP OR SOMETHING.



COME ON. COME ON. HURRY UP.



HELLO, MY DEAR. GOING DOWN, ARE WE?

AND SO IT GOES.

A CHURNING
MAELSTROM
OF VIOLENCE.

A PERVERSE
CIRCUS OF
CRUELTY.
WICKEDNESS
PERPETRATED
FOR ITS OWN
SAKE.

SPITE AS
ENTERTAINMENT.

MALICE
AS
SPORT.

IT FEEDS
ON ITSELF,
GROWING
IN DEPTH
AND
DIMENSION.

THE MAD
PREY ON
THE SANE,
DRIVING
THEM TO A
FRENZIED
PANIC.

TRUST
DISSOLVES.
ANIMAL
INSTINCT
TAKES
OVER.

NEIGHBOR TURNS ON
NEIGHBOR, STRANGER
ON STRANGER.

AND ABOVE IT ALL,
A GLEEFUL CACKLE
REVERBERATES ACROSS
THE STONE CANYONS
OF MANHATTAN.





ONE...

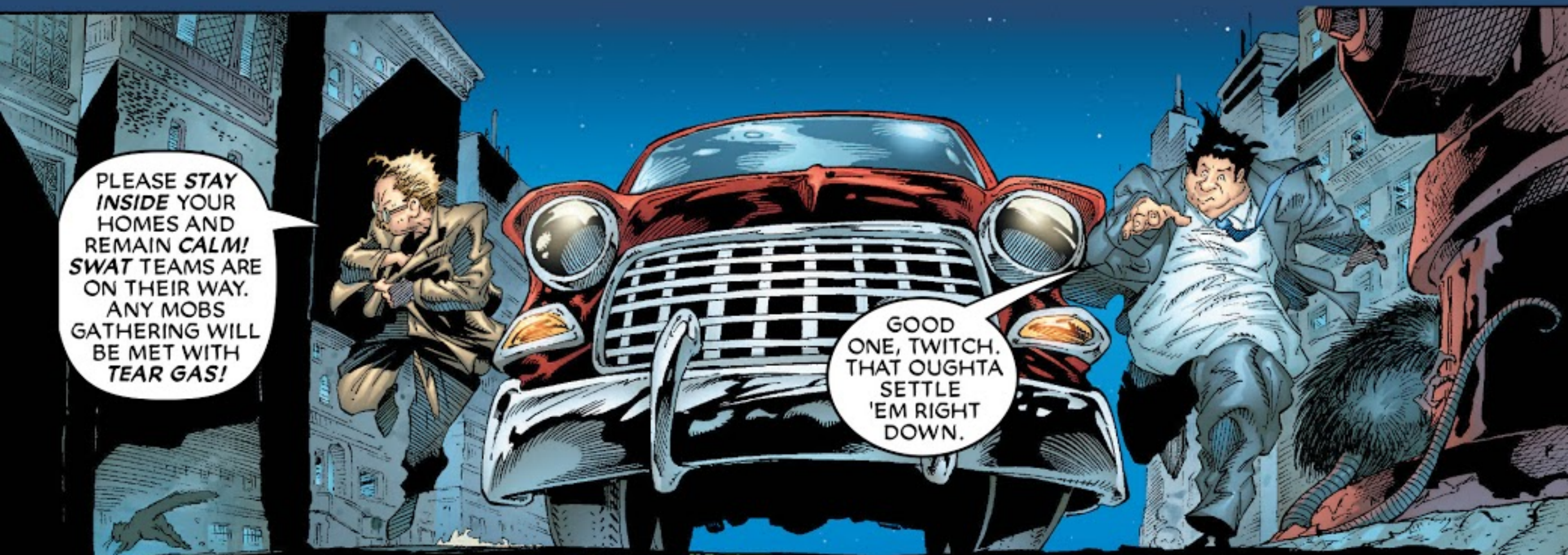
TWO...

THREE!

Oooh!
DOWN GOES
FRASIER!
DOWN GOES
FRASIER!

AND
THE
CROWD
GOES
WILD!

WOO-
HOOO!





KID'S STILL BREATHING. SON, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

I'LL CALL FOR AN AMBULANCE.

NO. WITH ALL THE CHAOS GOING ON, IT COULD TAKE HOURS. WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM OURSELVES.



THINK IT'S OKAY TO MOVE HIM?

HEY! I THINK THAT'S IZZY'S KID.

WHO?

IZZY LIVES UPSTAIRS FROM ME.



YO! WHAT THE HELL YOU DOIN'?



IT'S ALL RIGHT. WE'RE COPS. EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL.

WE'RE TRYING TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL.




SURE YOU ARE. THIS HOW YOU GET YOUR KICKS? BEATING UP KIDS? COUPLE OF REAL BADASSES, HUH?

YOU DON'T LOOK SO BAD NOW, DO YA?



BACK OFF! THIS IS POLICE BUSINESS. WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.

TOUGH LUCK, SCARECROW. 'CAUSE YOU AND YOUR FAT FRIEND JUST BOUGHT A TRUCKLOAD.



NOW, NYX, I LIKE TO THINK OF MYSELF AS A PATIENT MAN. I'VE GIVEN YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO MULL OVER MY OFFER.

THE *SOUL* OF YOUR POOR WRETCHED FRIEND SET FREE IN EXCHANGE FOR THAT *POWER* YOU HAVE LITERALLY WRAPPED AROUND YOUR *FINGER*.

WHAT KIND OF LOYALTY DO YOU OWE THAT LOATHSOME CREATURE? THERE'S NOT A PERSON WHO EVER CROSSED HIS PATH WHO DIDN'T SUFFER FOR IT.




ASK POOR *THEA*. NOT THAT SHE COULD ANSWER YOU. I IMAGINE SHE'S TOO BUSY *SCREAMING*.




DID YOU KNOW IN HELL, YOUR SCREAMS ARE LIKE RAZOR BLADES? THEY LACERATE YOUR OWN THROAT AS YOU CRY OUT.

THE MORE YOU SCREAM, THE MORE IT HURTS. THE MORE IT HURTS, WELL... YOU CAN IMAGINE.



BUT I THINK THE WORST OF IT MUST BE THE *LONELINESS*. THE ISOLATION. THE UTTER SENSE OF ABANDONMENT.



TO BE CUT OFF FROM ANY SENSE OF HOPE, ANY SMALL AFFECTION SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE MIGHT HAVE HELD FOR YOU, EVEN FOR A FLEETING MOMENT.

TO BE JUDGED BY GOD HIMSELF TO BE UNWORTHY OF HIS PRESENCE. LOCKED AWAY IN HIS CELLAR LIKE SOME FILTHY LITTLE SECRET.

I'LL BE PERFECTLY HONEST. I'D *LIE* TO YOU IN HEARTBEAT TO GET WHAT I WANT. BUT I DON'T NEED TO LIE.



THE TRUTH IS THE *SHARPEST KNIFE* IN MY CASE. AND DEEP DOWN, I THINK YOU KNOW THAT.



TRUST ME, NYX. I'M A *PROFESSIONAL*.



AAA
A
HOOO!
O!

DUH,
TELL ME
ABOUT THE
RABBITS,
GEORGE!

GET
BACK,
ASS-WIPE! I
SWEAR TO GOD
I'LL BLOW YOUR
BRAINS ALL
OVER TIMES
SQUARE.

JEW

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, HANDSOME?
WHY SO GLUM?
AREN'T YOU ENJOYING
OUR EVENING'S
ENTERTAINMENT?

I'LL BE THE
FIRST TO ADMIT IT.
YOU'RE HOLDING UP
BETTER THAN I
EXPECTED. GOLD STAR
FOR SPAWNIE! BUT IT'S
STARTING TO SINK
IN, ISN'T IT?

SOMETIMES
YOU JUST HAVE TO
TAKE A STEP BACK
FROM THE CANVAS
AND LOOK AT THE
BIG PICTURE.

SEE IT
NOW?

ALL
THE LITTLE
PIECES
FALLING
INTO
PLACE.

YOU'RE
TRAPPED
IN A CORNER.
NO MOVES
LEFT.

NO WAY
OF WINNING,
BUT YOU'VE
STILL GOTTA
PLAY OUT YOUR
HAND.



FUNNY THING ABOUT
HATRED. THE WAY
IT FEEDS ON ITSELF.
METASTASIZES LIKE
A CANCER.



SO MANY PEOPLE IN NEED.
SO MANY INNOCENT VICTIMS,
YOU CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO
GET YOUR HEAD AROUND IT.



YOU EVER SEEN RATS TRAPPED
INSIDE A BURNING BUILDING?
THE WAY THEY'LL RIP AND
TEAR EACH OTHER TO PIECES,
JUST FOR A SHOT OF GETTING
OUT ALIVE?



WHERE DO YOU
BEGIN? EVEN IF
YOU HAD THE
STRENGTH, EVEN
IF YOU WEREN'T
A SAD, BROKEN
SHELL OF YOUR
FORMER SELF,
THERE ARE JUST
TOO MANY OF
THEM.



YOU CAN'T
SAVE
EVERYONE
CAN YOU?
SO WHO ARE
YOU GONNA
CHOOSE?



BETTER RUN ALONG,
HERO. THE CLOCK'S
TICKING. YOUR CITY
NEEDS YOU.





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A CITY PLUNGED
INTO DARKNESS. THE
NIGHT SPLIT BY
SIREN WAILS AND
SCREAMS OF PANIC.

THE ISLAND OF
MANHATTAN IS SEALED
OFF, ITS PEOPLE
TRAPPED LIKE RATS IN
CAGES. IT WAS ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME TILL
THE RATS TURNED ON
THEMSELVES.

ABOVE IT ALL, THERE
IS A MAD CACKLING,
ECHOING FROM A
THOUSAND THROATS.

MANY HOURS
TILL SUNRISE
AND THE
LUNATICS ARE
TAKING OVER
THE CITY.



WHAT WOULD
YOU DO IF IT
WERE UP TO YOU
TO SAVE IT?

WHERE
WOULD YOU
EVEN BEGIN?

EVERYWHERE IS
CHAOS AND
PANDEMONIUM.

POLICE!
FREEZE!

RAGE AND
FEAR TAKE
OVER.

THEY FOUGHT YOU TO
WITHIN AN INCH OF
YOUR LIFE, TILL YOU
COULD BARELY STAND.

NOW THEY
ARE OUT
THERE,
TERRORIZING
THE CITY.

NOTHING
STANDS IN
THEIR WAY.
YOU CAN'T
SAVE
EVERYONE.

BUT YOU ARE A SOLIDER. THERE
IS NO ROOM FOR HESITATION.
NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.


YOU KNOW
WHAT TO
DO. IT'S
SEARED
INTO YOUR
CORE,
DEEPER
THAN
INSTINCT.

FIRST YOU
FIND A WAY
TO BOLSTER
YOUR OWN
STRENGTH.

EXPAND
YOUR
ARSENAL.

HEY! GET OUT,
YOU GODDAMN
LOOTERS! I'LL BLOW
YOUR FREAKIN'
HEAD OFF!

THEN YOU SADDLE
UP AND START
TAKING HEADS.



A CITY PLUNGED
INTO DARKNESS.

CHAOS AND
PANDEMONIUM.

YOU CAN'T
SAVE
EVERYONE.

SO YOU SAVE
THE ONES
YOU CAN.



I MUST SAY, NYX, I'M INSULTED BY YOUR RELUCTANCE. IT IS A SOUND **BARGAIN** I OFFER. I'M NOT TRYING TO CHEAT YOU.

I FORGET. YOU'RE A **PAGAN**. YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN HELL. NOT REALLY. NOT LITERALLY.

YOU RECOGNIZE IT, PERHAPS, AS AN ABSTRACT CONCEPT. A SYMPTOM OF A SOUL OUT OF HARMONY WITH THE DIVINE BENEFICENCE OF THE MOTHER UNIVERSE.

BUT I ASSURE YOU IT IS VERY REAL. YOUR FRIEND **THEA** KNOWS IT ALL TOO WELL.

I BELIEVE YOU. BUT I STILL WON'T HELP YOU.

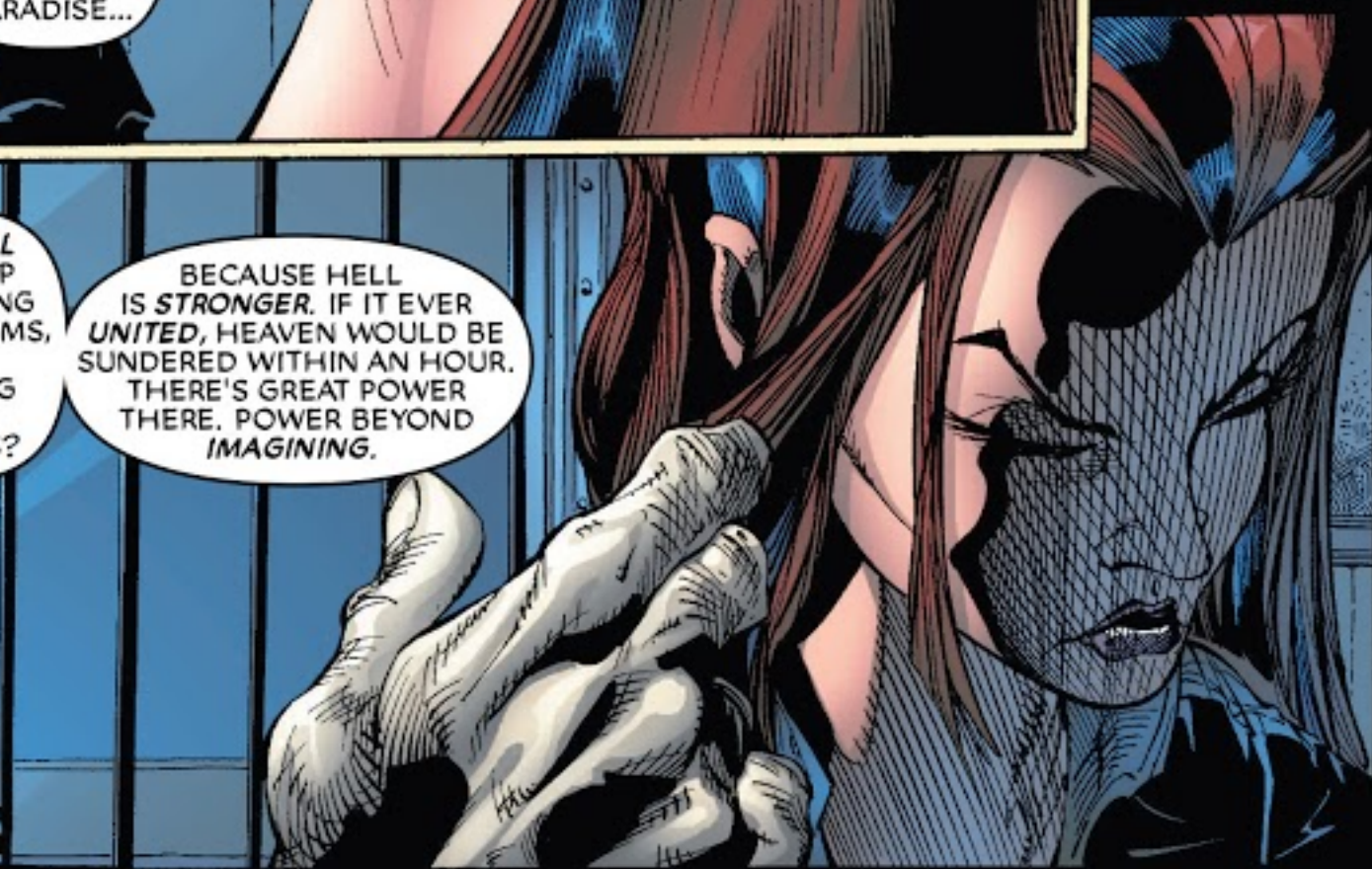
AH. THEN PERHAPS YOU THINK YOU CAN OUTWIT ME. LIKE THE SIMPLETON HERO WHO TRICKS THE **DEVIL** IN SOME APPALACHIAN FOLK SONG. SILLY GIRL.

DO YOU KNOW WHY **HEAVEN** IS RENDERED A PRISTINE, SEAMLESS PARADISE...



...WHILE **HELL** IS CARVED UP IN THE FEUDING LITTLE FIEFDOMS, ALWAYS SQUABBLING AMONGST THEMSELVES?

BECAUSE **HELL** IS **STRONGER**. IF IT EVER **UNITED**, **HEAVEN** WOULD BE SUNDERED WITHIN AN HOUR. THERE'S GREAT POWER THERE. POWER BEYOND IMAGINING.



AND YOU'RE DELUSIONAL IF YOU THINK--

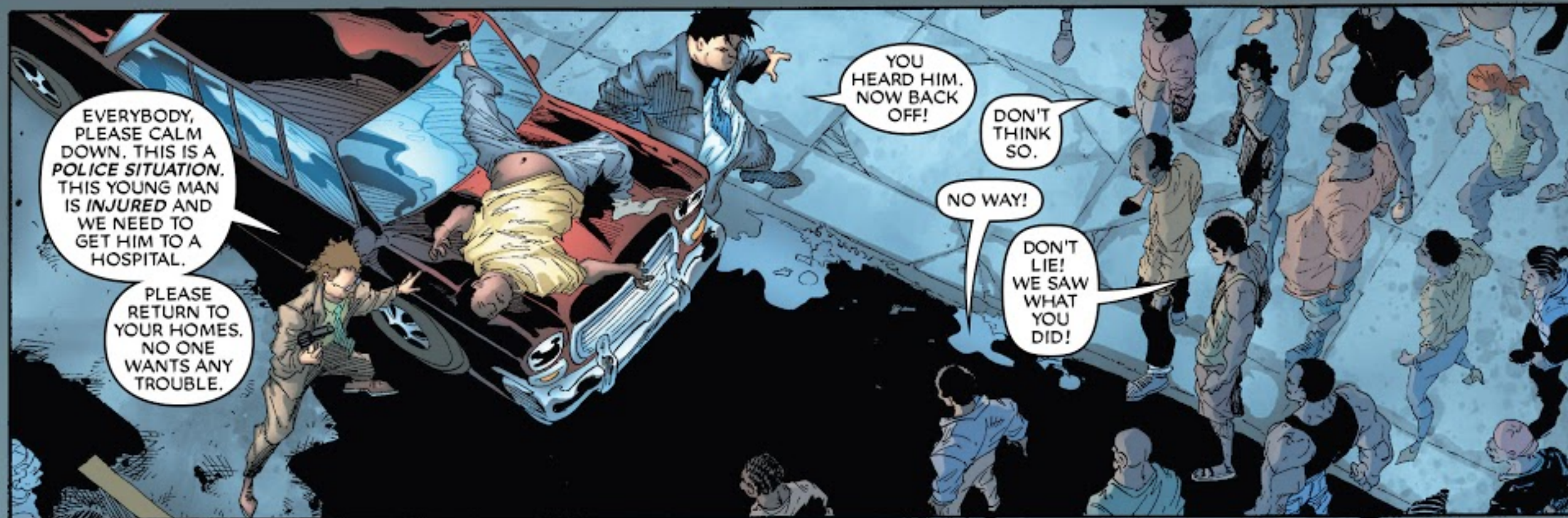
STOP IT! WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME ALONE! I TOLD YOU, I WANT NO PART OF THIS!

MY DEAR, **DOMINOS** DON'T FALL BECAUSE THEY WANT TO. THEY FALL BECAUSE THEY'RE NEXT IN LINE.

FATE LEADS THE WILLING, NYX. THE UNWILLING, IT DRAGS.



OKAY, **P1G**. CARE TO EXPLAIN?



EVERYBODY, PLEASE CALM DOWN. THIS IS A POLICE SITUATION. THIS YOUNG MAN IS INJURED AND WE NEED TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL.

PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES. NO ONE WANTS ANY TROUBLE.

YOU HEARD HIM. NOW BACK OFF!

DON'T THINK SO.

NO WAY!

DON'T LIE! WE SAW WHAT YOU DID!



I KNOW EVERYONE'S ON EDGE, BUT THIS BOY NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, PLEASE...



WE'RE HERE LIVE IN UPTOWN MANHATTAN WHERE AN ANGRY MOB HAS GATHERED AROUND AN APPARENT INCIDENT OF POLICE BRUTALITY PERPETRATED UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS.

IS THE N.Y.P.D. USING THE BLACKOUT AS AN EXCUSE TO RUN RABID? OFFICER, CARE TO COMMENT?

GET THAT OUTTA MY FACE, YOU EFFIN' PARASITE. YOU THINK THIS IS A GAME? LIVES ARE ON THE LINE AND YOU'RE HUSTLIN' FOR RATINGS?!

GO DROWN YOURSELF, YOU SELF-SERVING BITCH.

UHN!



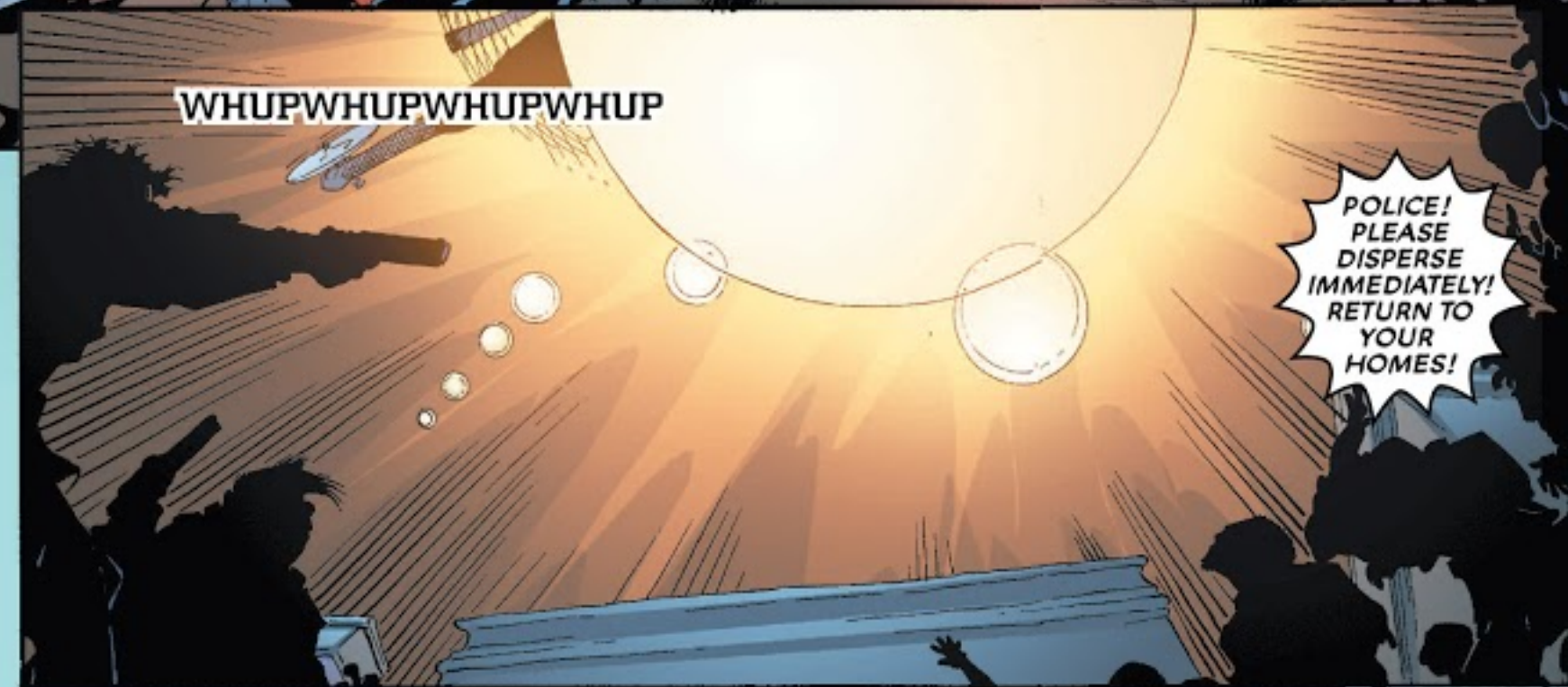
OH, THAT'S HOW IT IS?

YOU'RE A BIG MAN NOW.

UH-UH. HE DID NOT JUST DO THAT.



LOOK, WE TRIED DOING THIS THE POLITE WAY....

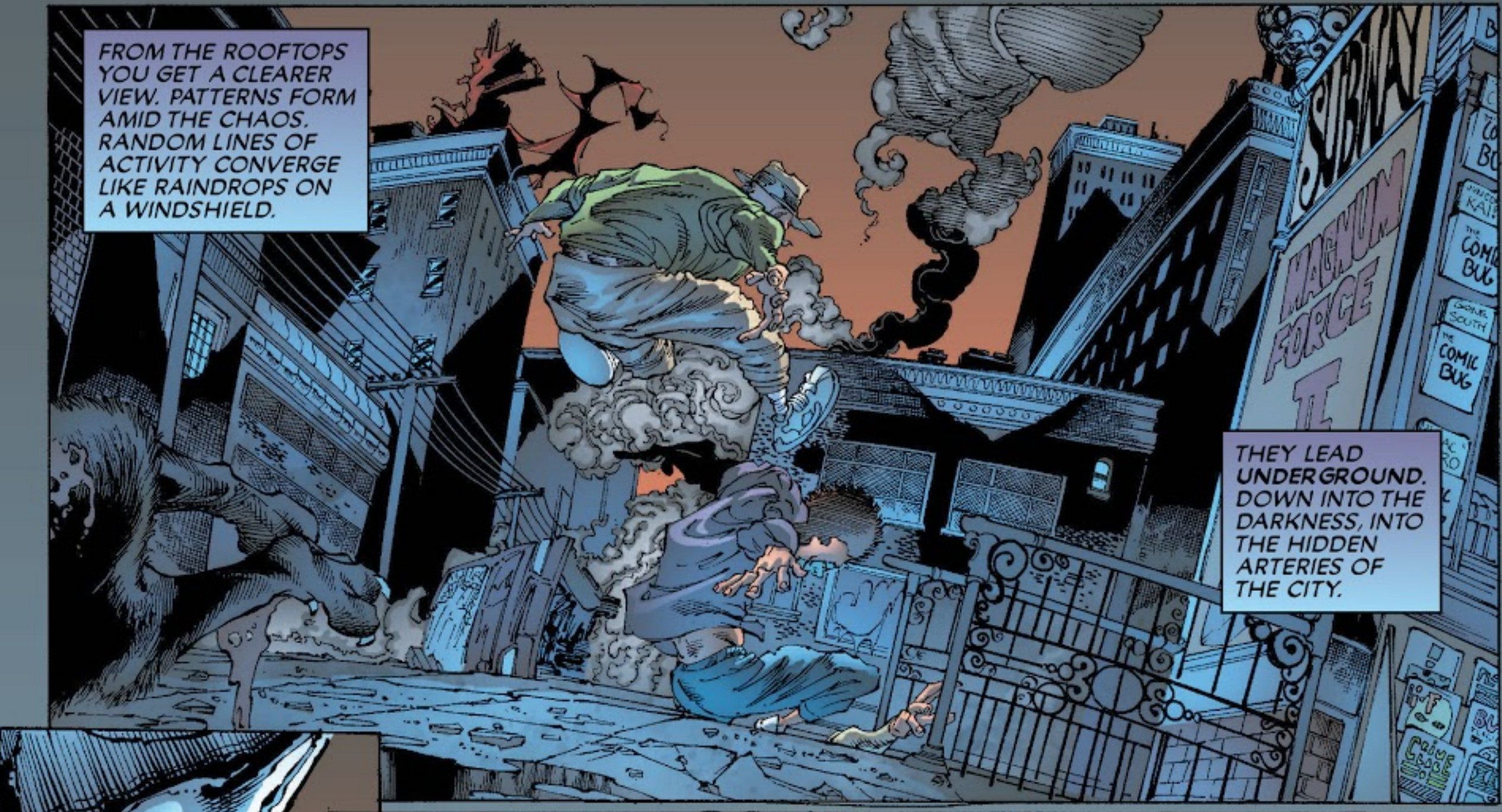


WHUPWHUPWHUPWHUP

POLICE! PLEASE DISPERSE IMMEDIATELY! RETURN TO YOUR HOMES!




THIS AIN'T OVER, FATASS.



FROM THE ROOFTOPS
YOU GET A CLEARER
VIEW. PATTERNS FORM
AMID THE CHAOS.
RANDOM LINES OF
ACTIVITY CONVERGE
LIKE RAINDROPS ON
A WINDSHIELD.

THEY LEAD
UNDERGROUND.
DOWN INTO THE
DARKNESS, INTO
THE HIDDEN
ARTERIES OF
THE CITY.



IT IS ALMOST
CERTAINLY A
TRAP.



YOU
FOLLOW
ANYWAY.



SPAWWWNY....
COME OUT TO
PLAY-YAY...

YOU MOVE IN SLOW
BUT STEADY. LIKE A LION
CIRCLING ITS PREY.

SPAWWWNY....

KLINK-
KLINK!

DON'T LET
THEM SEE
YOUR HAND.



COME
OUT TO
PLAYEEE-
YAY!

DON'T LET
THEM GUESS
HOW WEAK
YOU REALLY
ARE.

KLINK
KLINK

THERE IS A PAUSE,
A STONE-HEAVY
SILENCE AS IF THE
ENTIRE WORLD IS
HOLDING ITS
BREATH.



AND THEN
IT BEGINS.



THE PEAL OF GUNFIRE
AND LAUGHTER OF
LUNATICS. THE SMELL
OF CORDITE AND
ENGINE OIL.

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

AW, MA.
HE DUN GOT
ME!

THE HEAT OF THE
GUNS IN YOUR
HANDS. THE RECOIL
HAMMERING YOUR
SHOULDERS. IT'S
BEEN A LONG TIME
SINCE YOU FIRED
ONE OF THESE.

IT FEELS GOOD. NATURAL.

LIKE RIDING A BIKE.

A SECRET THRILL
YOU COULD
NEVER EXPLAIN
TO ANYONE.

SOON IT'S A VIDEO
ARCADE, RANDOM BLURS
OF COLOR MOVING
ACROSS THE SCREEN.

BLAM!

EMMA
NEN

BLAM!

YOU LINE THEM
UP, ONE BY
ONE, AND RACK
UP THE SCORE.

YOU START
FEELING GOOD
ABOUT YOUR
CHANCES.

BLAM!

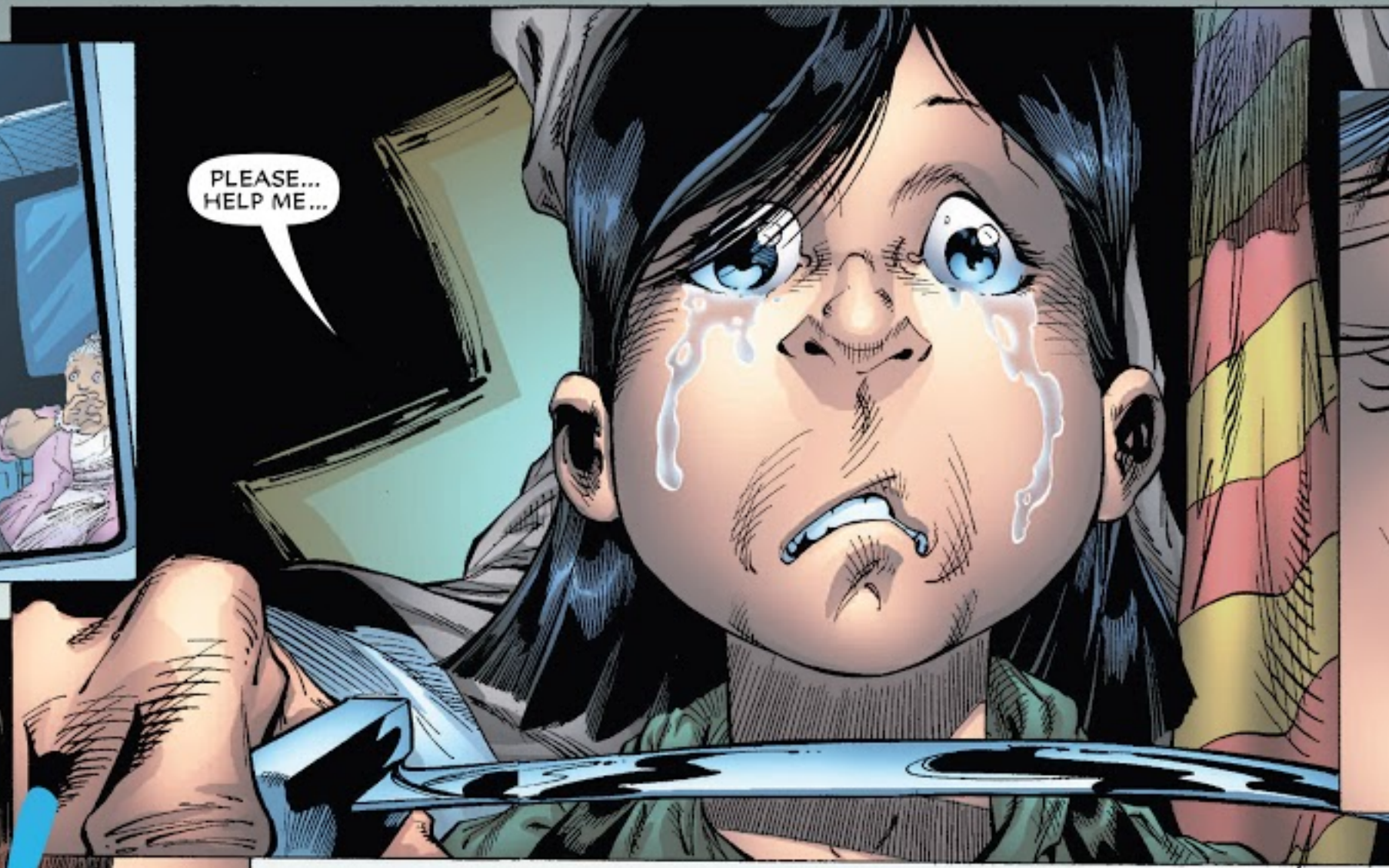
BLAM!

THAT ALWAYS
WAS YOUR
DOWNFALL.

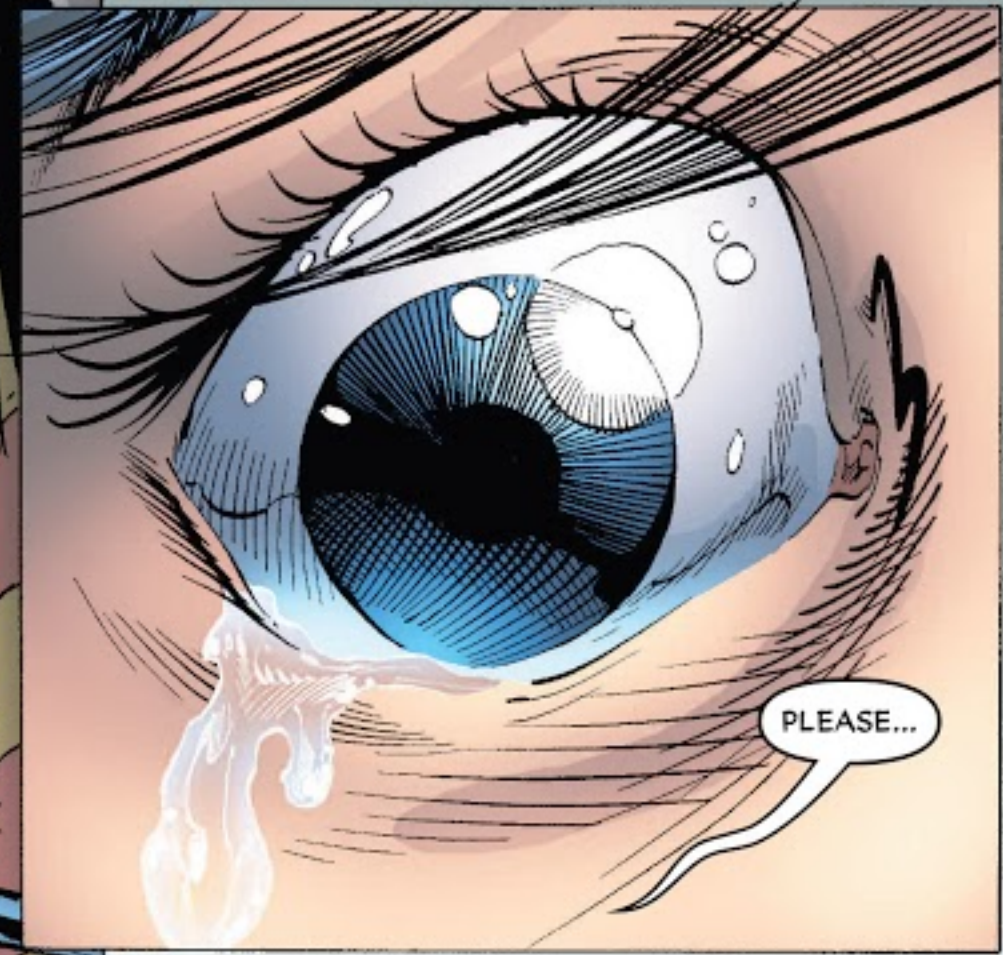
INSIDE, WASHED IN THE PALE GLOW OF BATTERY LIGHT, PASSENGERS STAND PARALYZED WITH TERROR. THEY DON'T KNOW WHOM TO FEAR MOST.



PLEASE...
HELP ME...



PLEASE...



PLEASE...
HELP ME...
PLEASE...



ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

BE...
A...

CLOWN!
BE A
CLOWN...



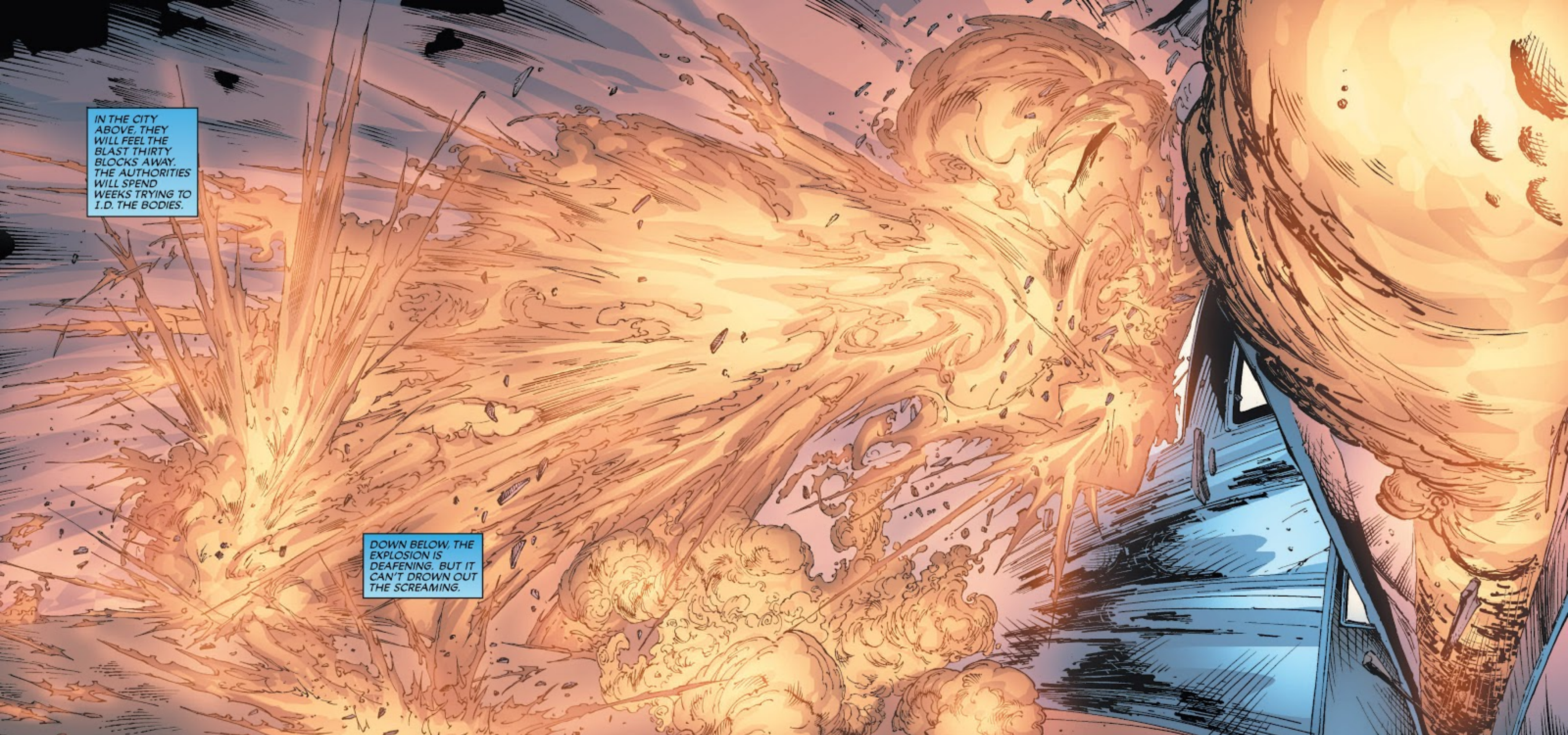
DON'T YOU
KNOW THE
WHOLE WORLD
LOVES
A CLOWN!

SILLY
RABBIT.











IN THE CITY
ABOVE, THEY
WILL FEEL THE
BLAST THIRTY
BLOCKS AWAY.
THE AUTHORITIES
WILL SPEND
WEEKS TRYING TO
I.D. THE BODIES.


DOWN BELOW, THE
EXPLOSION IS
DEAFENING. BUT IT
CAN'T DROWN OUT
THE SCREAMING.



THIS TIME,
THEY AREN'T
THE WILD CRIES
OF MADMEN.




THEY THE
HORRIFIC
CRIES OF
INNOCENTS,
SUDDENLY
RETURNED
TO THEIR
SENSES JUST
IN TIME TO
REALIZE
THEIR FATE.



THOSE
SCREAMS
WILL NEVER
LEAVE YOU.

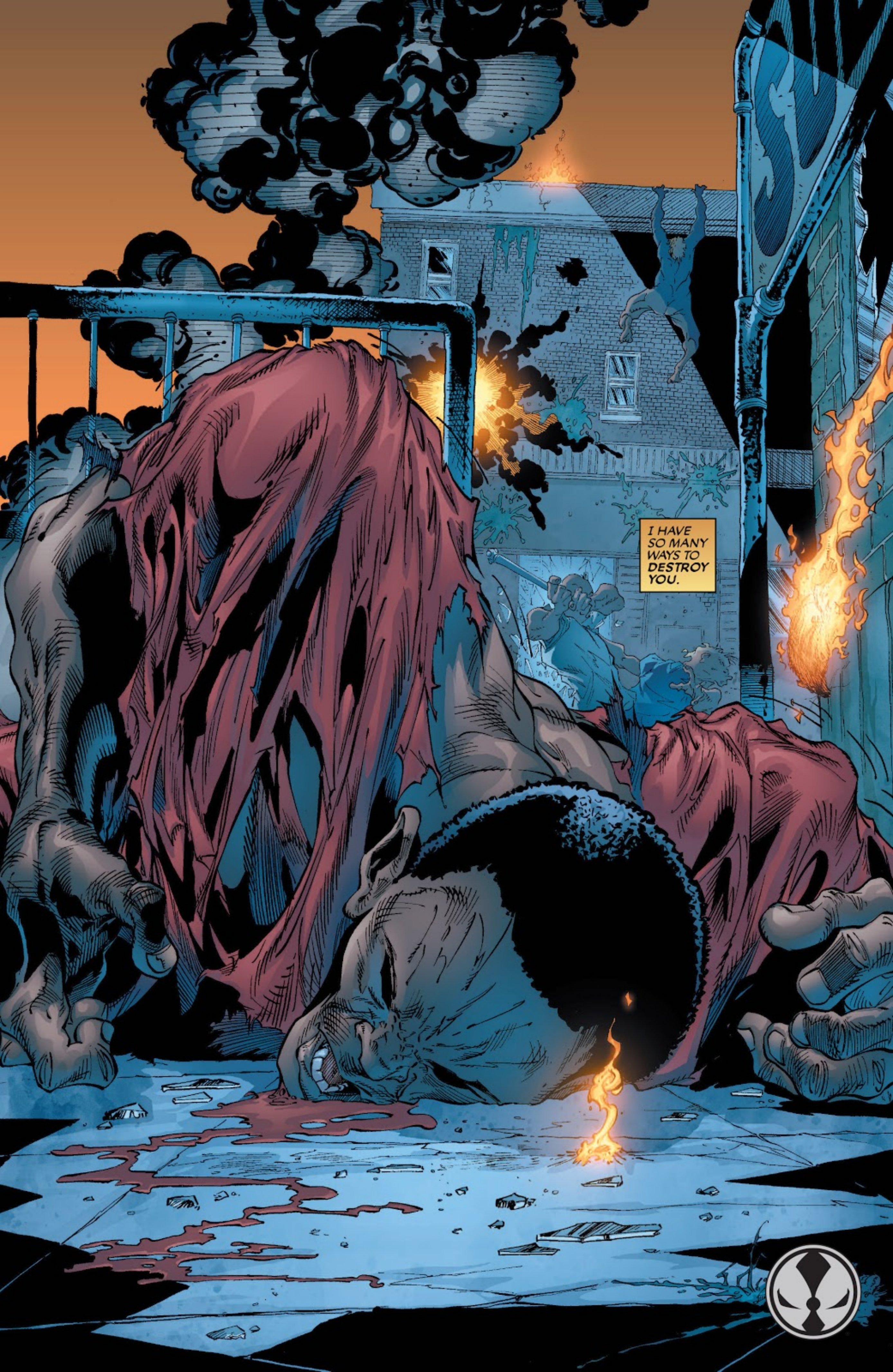


YOU
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
A HERO,
RIDING IN
TO SAVE
THE DAY.



YOU
THOUGHT
YOU COULD
MAKE A
DIFFERENCE.

BUT I
WARNED
YOU,
DIDN'T I?



I HAVE
SO MANY
WAYS TO
DESTROY
YOU.



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How
LONG?

How LONG HAVE I LAIN
HERE ALONE, COLD AND
STARVING IN THE DARK?

AN INCESSANT BUZZING
ECHOES IN THE BASEMENT
OF MY SKULL. IT TWINES AND
VIBRATES DOWN MY SPINE,
FANNING OUT TO THE RAW
ENDINGS OF MY NERVES.

Is THIS REALLY WHAT
DYING FEELS LIKE?

REALITY... TIME....
MEANING... THEY
HAVE ALL BEEN RENT
ASUNDER, BRITTLE
SHARDS SCATTERED
UPON DUSTY STONES.

Is IT NOW?

Is IT THEN?

Is IT OVER?

It HAS TO
END
SOMETIME.



IT IS NOW.

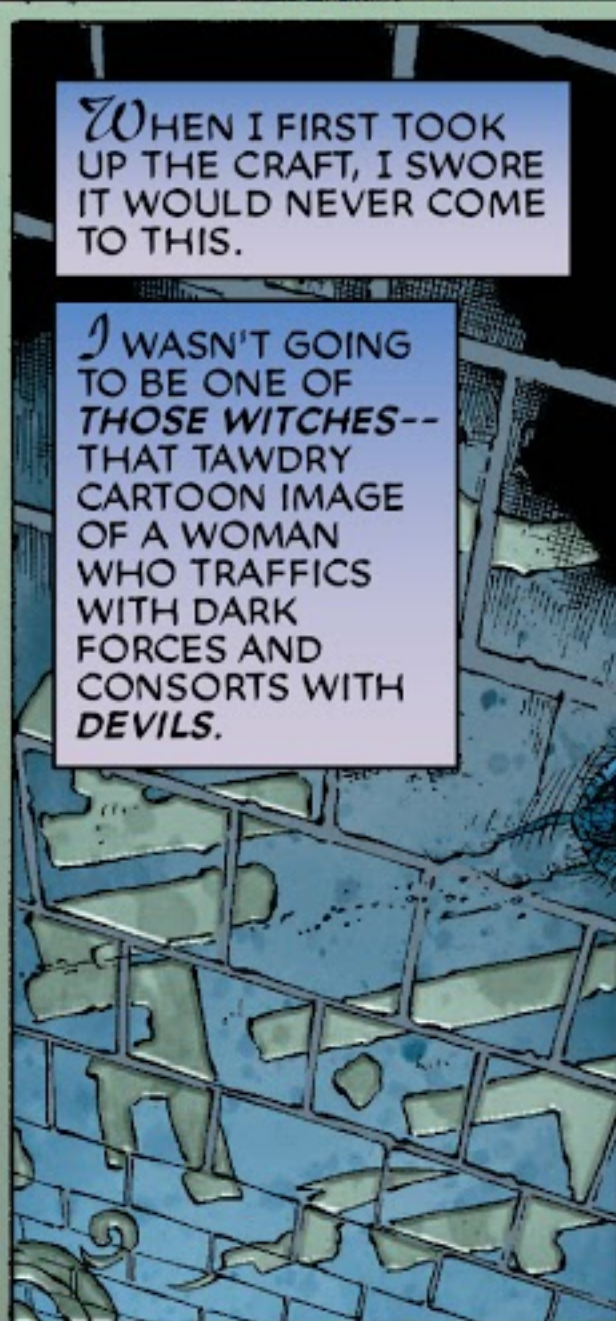
I'M LYING NEAR DEATH ON THE COLD BASEMENT FLOOR OF AN ABANDONED BUILDING. I THINK I'VE BEEN HERE NINE DAYS. NO FOOD. NO DRINK.

THE WINDOWS ARE BOARDED UP AND THE DOORWAY BRICKED SHUT. NO LIGHT GETS IN AND LITTLE AIR.

I KNOW BECAUSE I DID IT MYSELF.



MOMENT BY MOMENT I AM DRIFTING CLOSER TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD. SO CLOSE NOW I CAN ALMOST SEE IT.



WHEN I FIRST TOOK UP THE CRAFT, I SWORE IT WOULD NEVER COME TO THIS.

I WASN'T GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE WITCHES-- THAT TAWDRY CARTOON IMAGE OF A WOMAN WHO TRAFFICS WITH DARK FORCES AND CONSORTS WITH DEVILS.



I CHOSE TO WORSHIP AT THE THRONE OF NATURE, TO SEEK THE BLESSINGS OF MOTHER EARTH AND EXPLORE THE HARMONY OF ALL THINGS.

SHOWS YOU WHAT I KNOW.



THE BUZZING GROWS LOUDER, ITS SOURCE LOOMING EVER CLOSER IN A TIGHTENING SPIRAL.



THE CENTER CANNOT HOLD.

THINGS FALL APART.



IT TAKES ALL THE STRENGTH I HAVE JUST TO OPEN MY EYES.



IT IS TIME.

TIME? IT IS TWO WEEKS AGO.

IN A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, DOCTORS BARK URGENT ORDERS AND TRY THEIR BEST TO KEEP A ONCE-DEAD MAN FROM DYING AGAIN.

WE'VE GOT A JOHN DOE IN CRITICAL! MULTIPLE CONTUSIONS, INTERNAL BLEEDING, SHRAPNEL WOUNDS, GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE...

OF COURSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS. OR WHAT HE IS.

THEY DON'T KNOW THE DARK POWER HE CARRIES INSIDE OF HIM.

BUT I DO.



THIS IS ONE TOUGH S.O.B. I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE'S STILL ALIVE.

WE NEED MORE PLASMA! STAT!





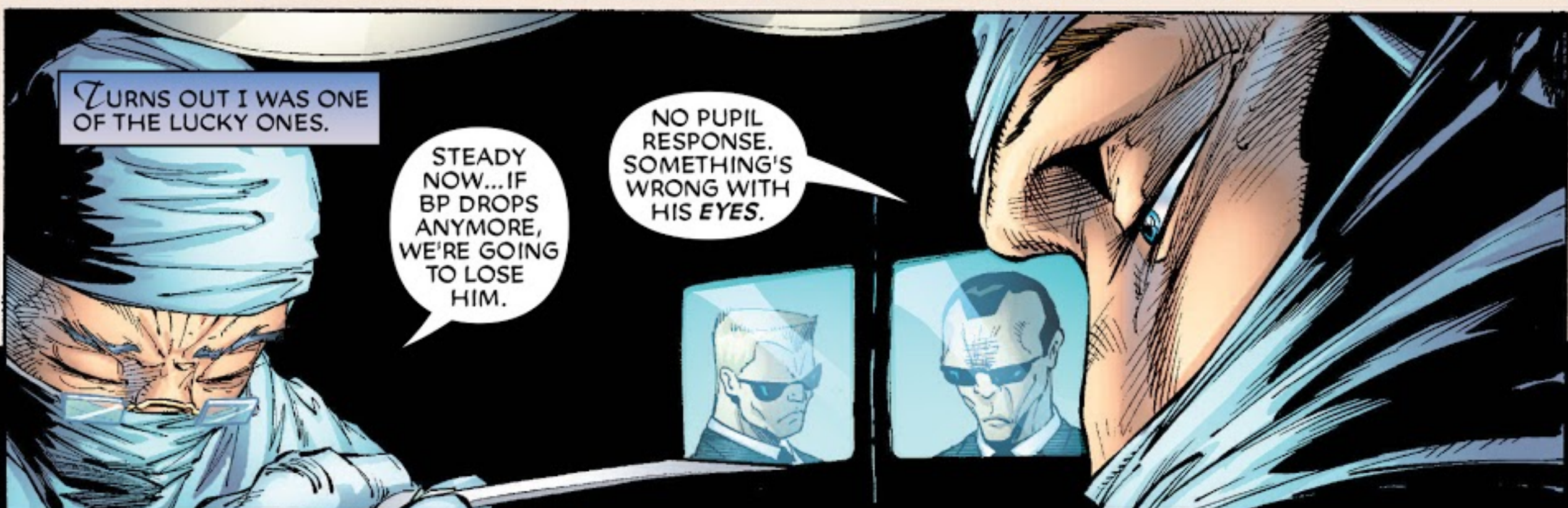
IT IS MORNING. ON A DAY FOLLOWING A NIGHT OF MAYHEM.



A POWER FAILURE PLUNGED THE ENTIRE CITY INTO DARKNESS.

WILD BANDS OF CLOWN-FACED MADMEN RAVAGE MANHATTAN, LIKE VANDALS SACKING ROME, ONLY TO VANISH LIKE MIST WITH THE SUNRISE.

I SPENT MOST OF THE NIGHT TRAPPED IN AN ELEVATOR BARGAINING WITH THE DEVIL.



Turns out I was one of the lucky ones.

STEADY NOW...IF BP DROPS ANYMORE, WE'RE GOING TO LOSE HIM.

NO PUPIL RESPONSE. SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HIS EYES.



IT IS NINE DAYS AGO.

I SEAL MYSELF UP IN MY TOMB AND BEGIN MY FAST.



THE RITUAL WILL BE LONG AND PAINFUL, AND MOST LIKELY IT WILL KILL ME BEFORE I FINISH.

BUT MY MIND IS MADE UP.



THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW.

AT ITS ROOT,
MAGIC IS A
FORM OF
CURRENCY.

EACH SPELL
IS A KIND OF
TRANSACTION.

THEA...

THIS ONE WILL
COST ME DEARLY.

THE PRICE
IS FLESH.

AND BLOOD.

AND SECRETS
TOO DREADFUL TO
SPEAK ALOUD.

I FORM MY INTENTIONS,
HOLD THEM DIAMOND
CLEAR IN MY MIND'S EYE.

I UTTER
CUMBERSOME
WORDS IN A
DEAD
LANGUAGE,
DEFTLY
WEAVING A
TAPESTRY OF
FLATTERY,
ENTREATIES
AND ANCIENT,
INTRICATE
PROTOCOL.

I'M ALL POISE AND BLUSTER
ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT A DEAD
MAN COULD SMELL THE FEAR
DRIPPING FROM MY PORES.

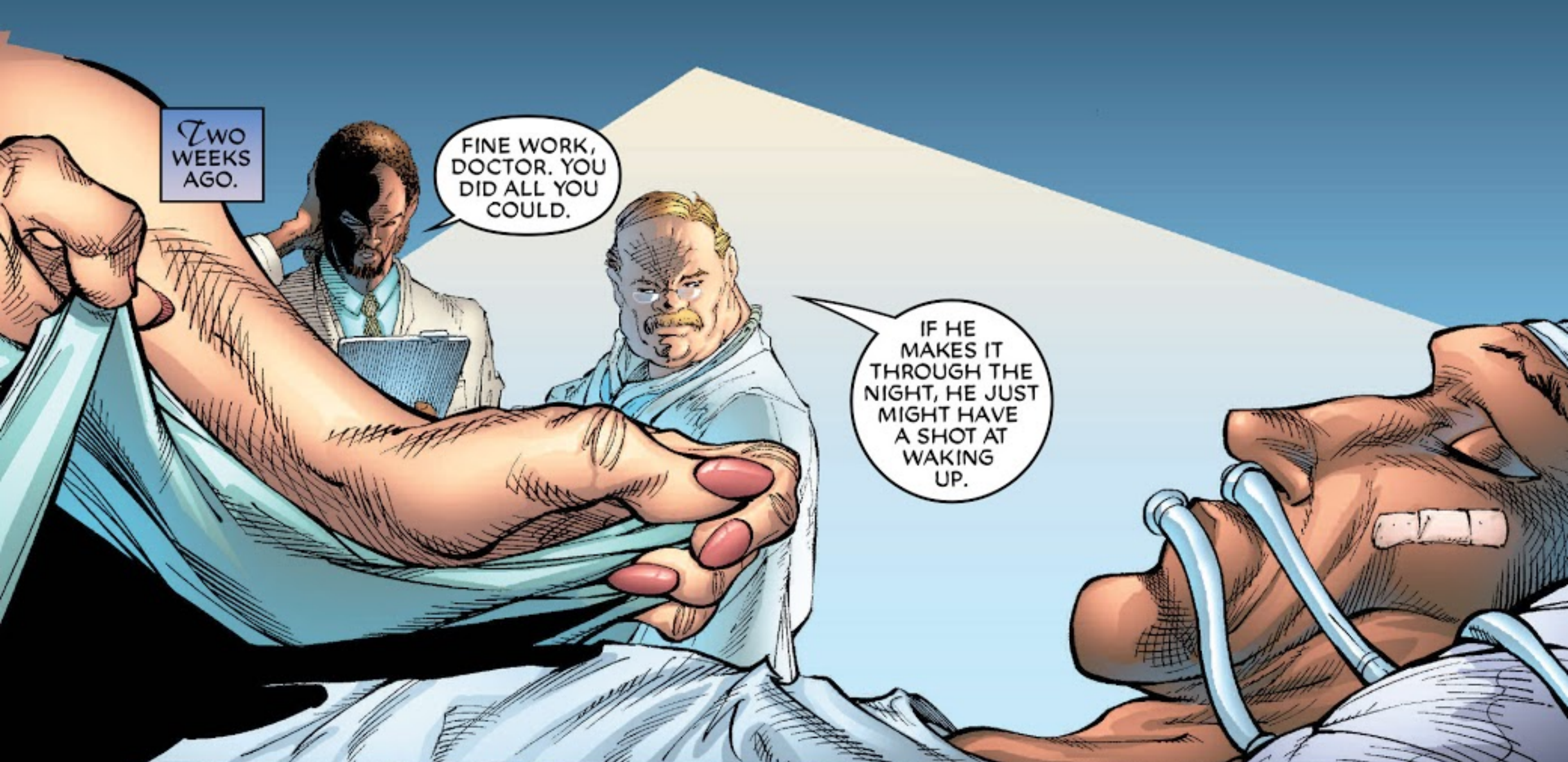
THE SHADOWS GATHER,
THICKENING THE STALE AIR.

I SUBMIT
MYSELF
TO THE
DARKNESS
AND GAZE
INTO THE
ABYSS.



AND WAIT
FOR THE
ABYSS TO
BLINK.





TWO WEEKS AGO.

FINE WORK, DOCTOR. YOU DID ALL YOU COULD.

IF HE MAKES IT THROUGH THE NIGHT, HE JUST MIGHT HAVE A SHOT AT WAKING UP.

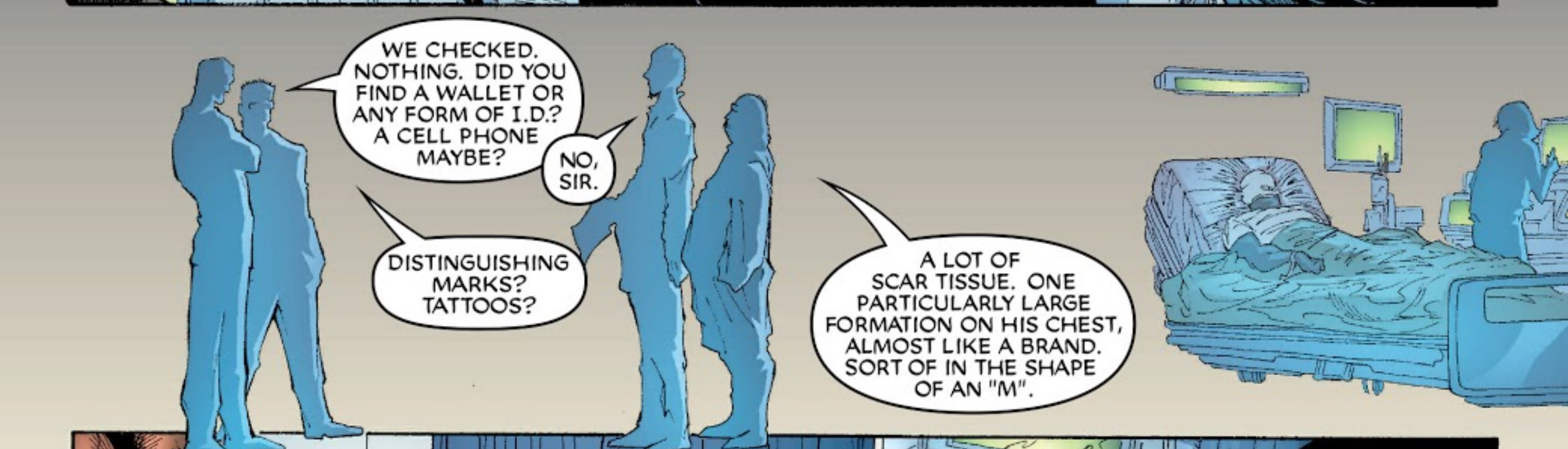


EXCUSE US, GENTLEMEN. I'M AGENT HARE.

I'M AGENT WOLF. WE NEED TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS. DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN'S NAME?

I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T CATCH IT. PATIENTS USUALLY AREN'T TOO CHATTY UNDER GENERAL ANESTHESIA.

YOU CAN CHECK WITH ADMISSIONS, THEY MIGHT...



WE CHECKED. NOTHING. DID YOU FIND A WALLET OR ANY FORM OF I.D.? A CELL PHONE MAYBE?

NO, SIR.

DISTINGUISHING MARKS? TATTOOS?

A LOT OF SCAR TISSUE. ONE PARTICULARLY LARGE FORMATION ON HIS CHEST, ALMOST LIKE A BRAND. SORT OF IN THE SHAPE OF AN "M".



A BRAND? HMM. WHEN DO YOU EXPECT HIM TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS?

HE'S IN A COMA. IF HE WAKES, IT COULD BE AN HOUR OR A WEEK OR A YEAR OR NEVER.

NOW. PLEASE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE.

WE'RE
THE **GOVERNMENT**.
WE CAN DO WHAT
WE PLEASE. THERE ARE
A LOT OF DEAD PEOPLE
IN AN NYC SUBWAY AND
ONE GUY MAKES IT
OUT ALIVE.

COULD BE
SOMETHING,
COULD BE
NOTHING. BUT
UNTIL WE KNOW
FOR SURE, WE'RE
NOT LEAVING
THIS FLOOR.

DAY
FOLLOWS
NIGHT...

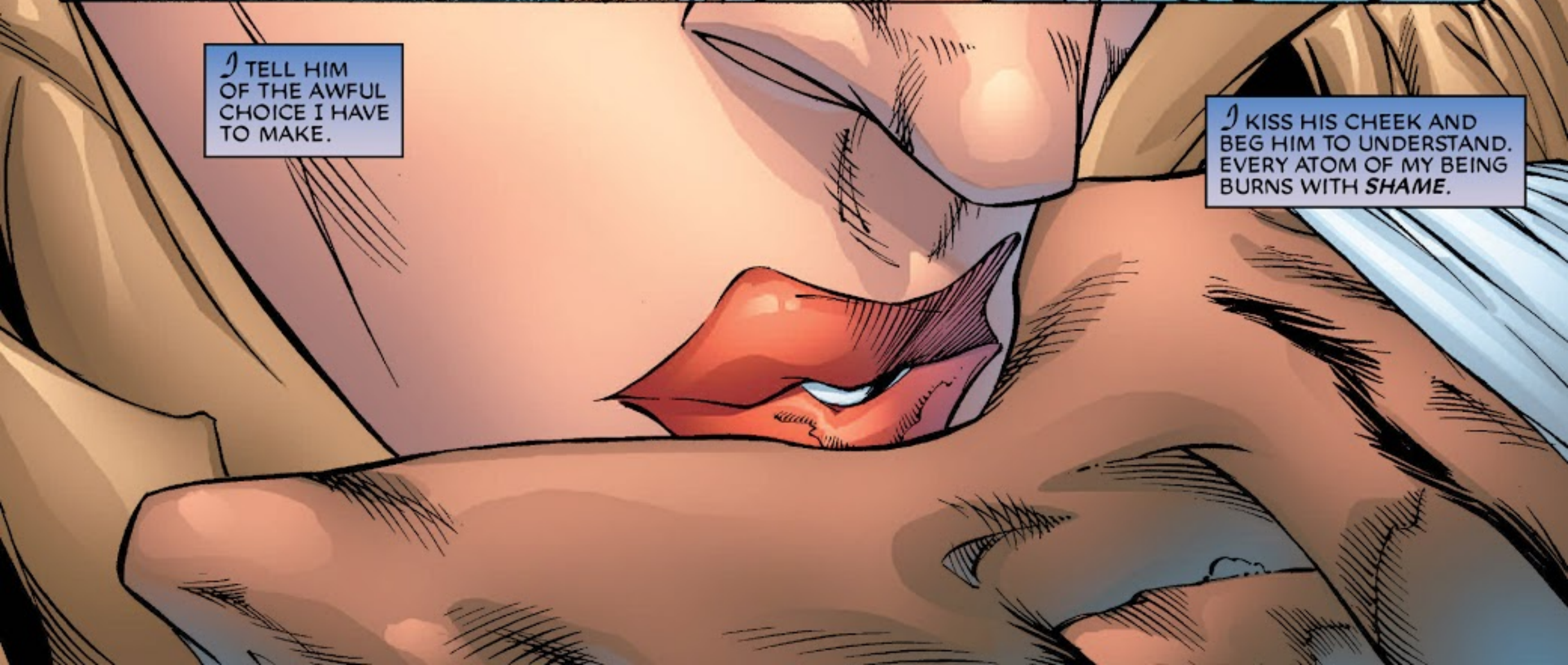
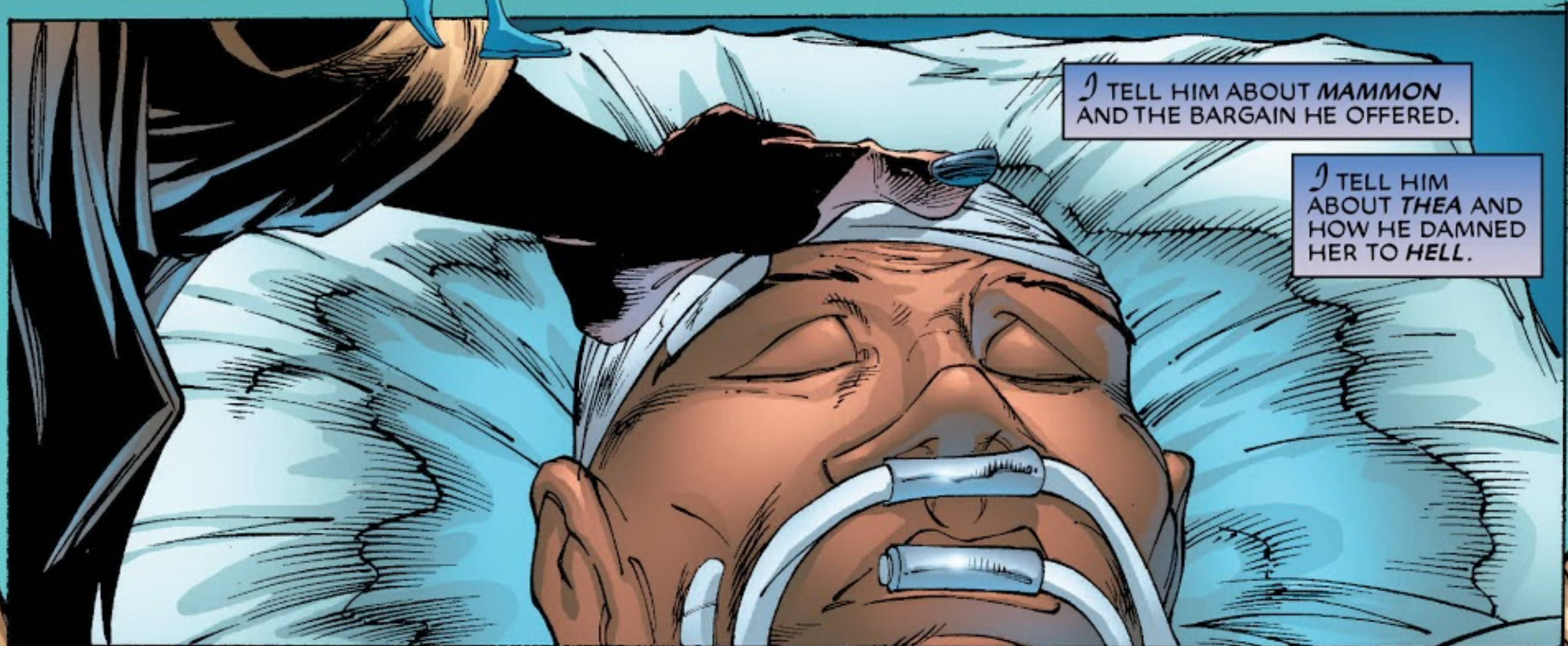
FOLLOWS
DAY...

...FOLLOWS NIGHT.

HOW'S
THE COFFEE,
AGENT
WOLF?

LUKE-
WARM
DISHWATER,
AGENT
HARE.

JUST LIKE
MOMMA HARE
USED TO
MAKE.



I LOOK AT THIS
FRAIL, BROKEN FORM
AND I WANT TO CRY.

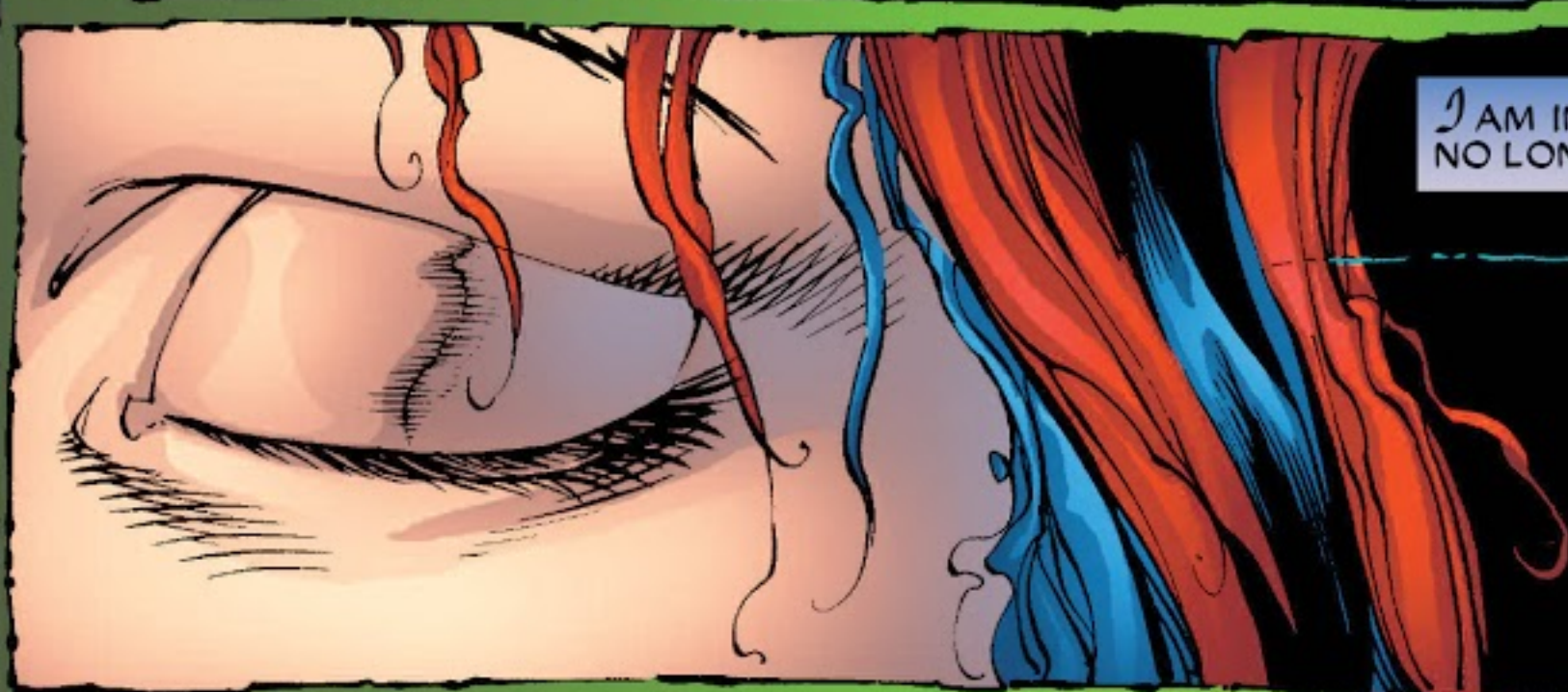
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE
THERE IS SO MUCH **POWER**
LOCKED INSIDE. WHAT IF
IT'S THE ONLY THING
KEEPING HIM ALIVE?



FOR A MOMENT,
I THINK ABOUT
CHANGING MY MIND.

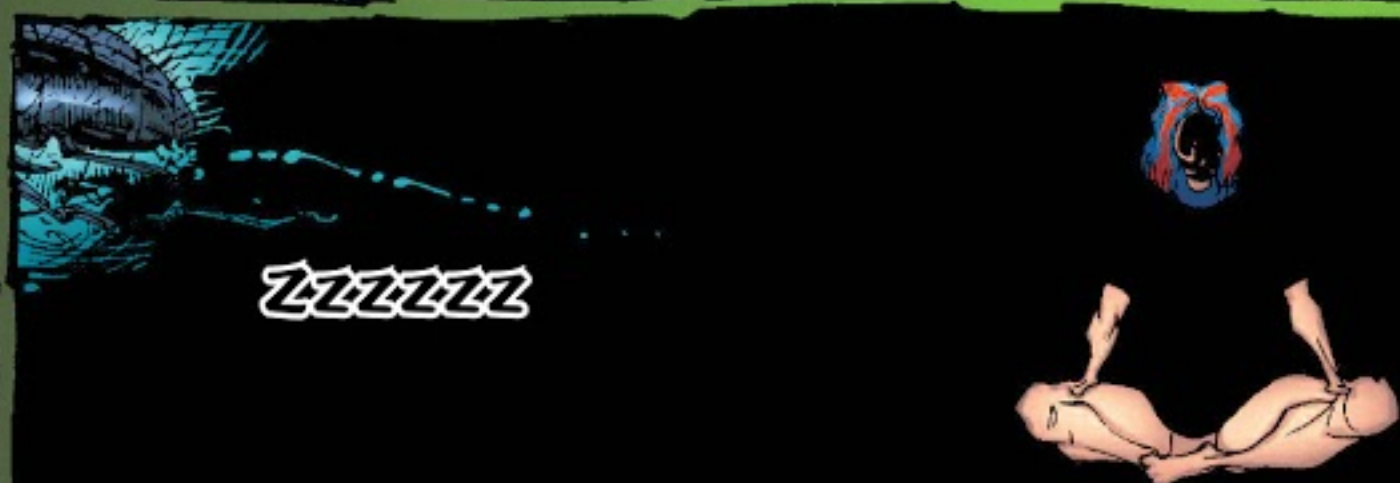


I AM IN THE DARK. I AM
NO LONGER ALONE.



zzzzzz

THE CLOTH OF
REALITY HAS BEGUN
TO UNRAVEL.



zzzzzz



zzzzzzzz



I AM NYX,
DAUGHTER OF THE
NIGHT, MAIDEN OF THE
GREEN WORLD. THIS IS MY
CIRCLE AND I HOLD YOU
IN MY **THRALL**.

I HOLD DOMINION
OVER THE **ROTTING**
PLACES. I AM KEEPER
OF SECRET **EYES** AND
HIDDEN **DOORS**.

I AM
N'ZZEZHEAAL,
LORDLING OF
HELL, DUKE OF
CARRION AND
ENVOY OF
DECAY AND
DISCORD.



AND
I WAS
INVITED.

DO NO
HARM.

YOU ARE
QUITE **BOLD**.
TO SUMMON A LORD
OF HELL TO YOUR
CHAMBER AND
SHOW SUCH POOR
HOSPITALITY.

I SEEK A
BARGAIN. SAFE
PASSAGE FOR
MYSELF AND ONE
OTHER OF MY
CHOOSING.

PASSAGE?
TO WHERE?

TO
HELL.





HELL. I CAN'T JUST LEAVE HER THERE. NOT IF I CAN FIND A WAY TO HELP HER.



BUT I WON'T GIVE MAMMON WHAT HE WANTS. I WON'T TURN YOU OVER TO HIM.

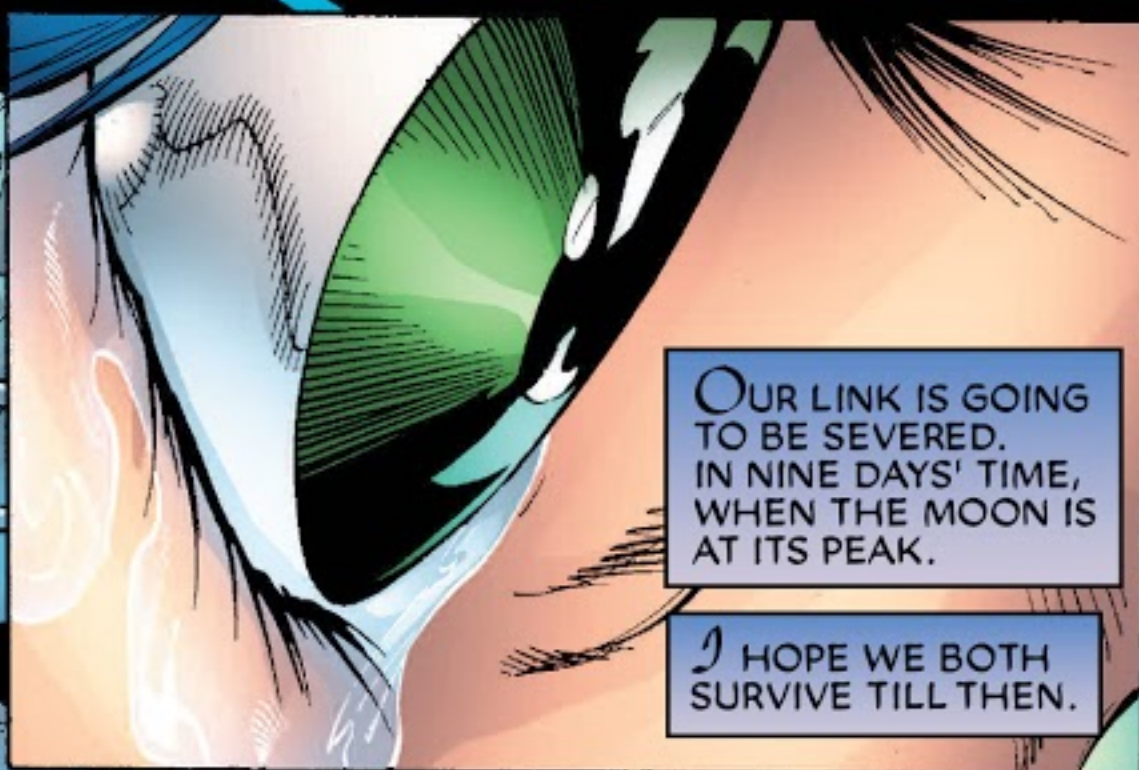


IT'S THAT CONNECTION MAMMON WANTS TO EXPLOIT.

BUT I WON'T LET HIM HAVE IT.



I ONCE SEWED YOUR *SHADOW* TO YOUR HEART. I KEPT PART OF THE THREAD FOR MYSELF. IT BOUND YOU TO ME. KEPT US...CONNECTED.



OUR LINK IS GOING TO BE SEVERED. IN NINE DAYS' TIME, WHEN THE MOON IS AT ITS PEAK.

I HOPE WE BOTH SURVIVE TILL THEN.

I EXPLAIN ALL THIS AND LOOK BACK ONE LAST TIME. AS I LEAVE, I UTTER TWO USELESS WORDS.

I'M SORRY.



HEY! HOW'D YOU GET UP HERE?





HEY!
GET BACK
HERE!

STOP!



DAMN
IT!

I DON'T KNOW
WHO THE SUITS
ARE, BUT I
DON'T HAVE
TIME FOR THIS.

A LOOSE THREAD
FROM MY JACKET
IS ALL I NEED.



A TANGLE-PATH
CHARM.



THE SLIGHTEST
GLIMPSE AND THEY ARE
HOPELESSLY CONFUSED.



BY THE TIME
THEY REGAIN
THEIR WITS, I
WILL BE LONG
GONE.

It is now.



THE MOON IS NEARLY AT ITS *CREST*. THE HOUR GATHERS UPON US.

THIS IS A DANGEROUS GAME YOU PLAY. MANY AND POWERFUL ARE THOSE WHO WILL BE DISPLEASED BY YOUR ACTIONS.

WHY HELP ME?

YOU MADE A GOOD BARGAIN. BESIDES, I ENJOY *DISCORD*.

NOW...

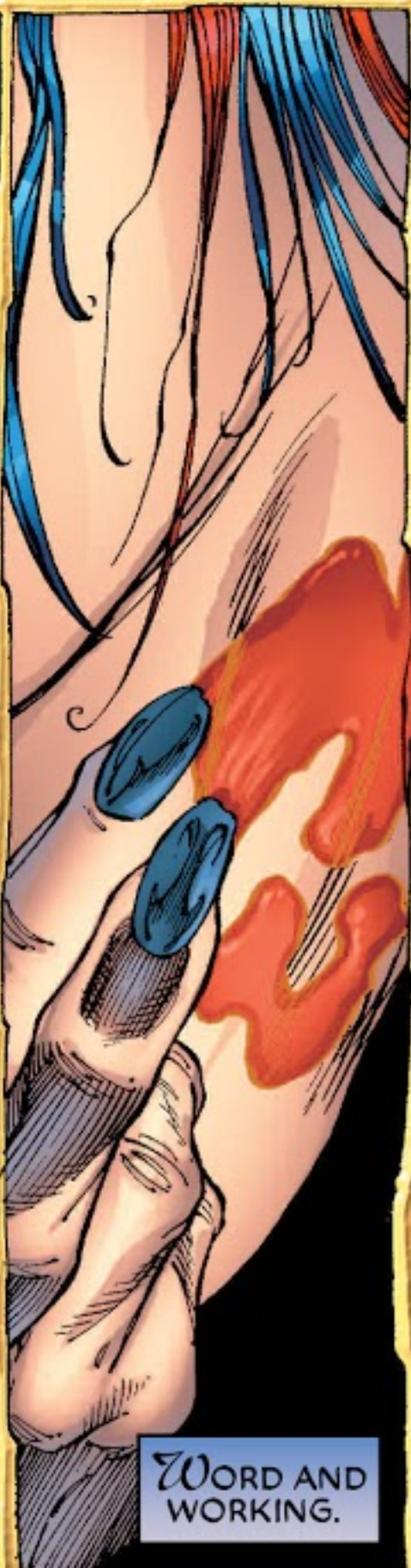
I BEGIN THE RITUAL.

THE SILVER-WHITE MOON BLADE, COLD AGAINST MY SKIN.

THE WARM CRIMSON BLOOD, GLISTENING IN THE DARK.

SHAPE AND SIGIL.

WORD AND WORKING.



I UNSPOOL THE
SHADOW THREAD, THE
SLENDER EBON CORD
THAT CONNECTS ME
TO THE HELLSPAWN
AND ITS HOST.

IT IS STRONG YET
SUPPLE, LIKE LIVING
STEEL. I STRETCH IT
THROUGH MY
FINGERS, DOUBLING
ITS LENGTH.

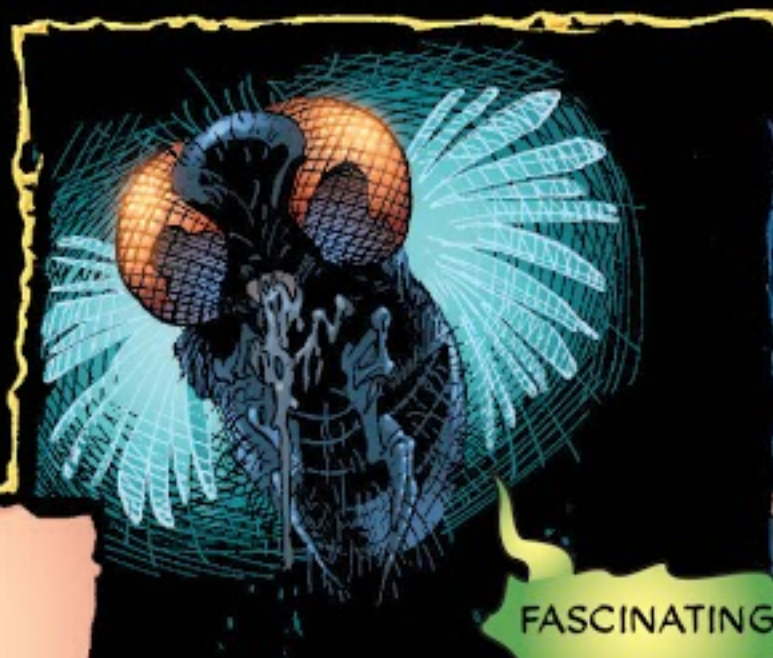
I COIL IT OVER
AND THEN DOUBLE
IT AGAIN.

AND
AGAIN.

ITS LENGTH
INCREASES
TENFOLD. THEN A
THOUSANDFOLD.

I PULL AT IT
AND STRETCH IT,
SPINNING THE
STRANDS LIKE
LADY ARACHNE.

I SING OUT AS
I BEGIN TO SHAPE
THE VERY DARKNESS
AROUND ME.



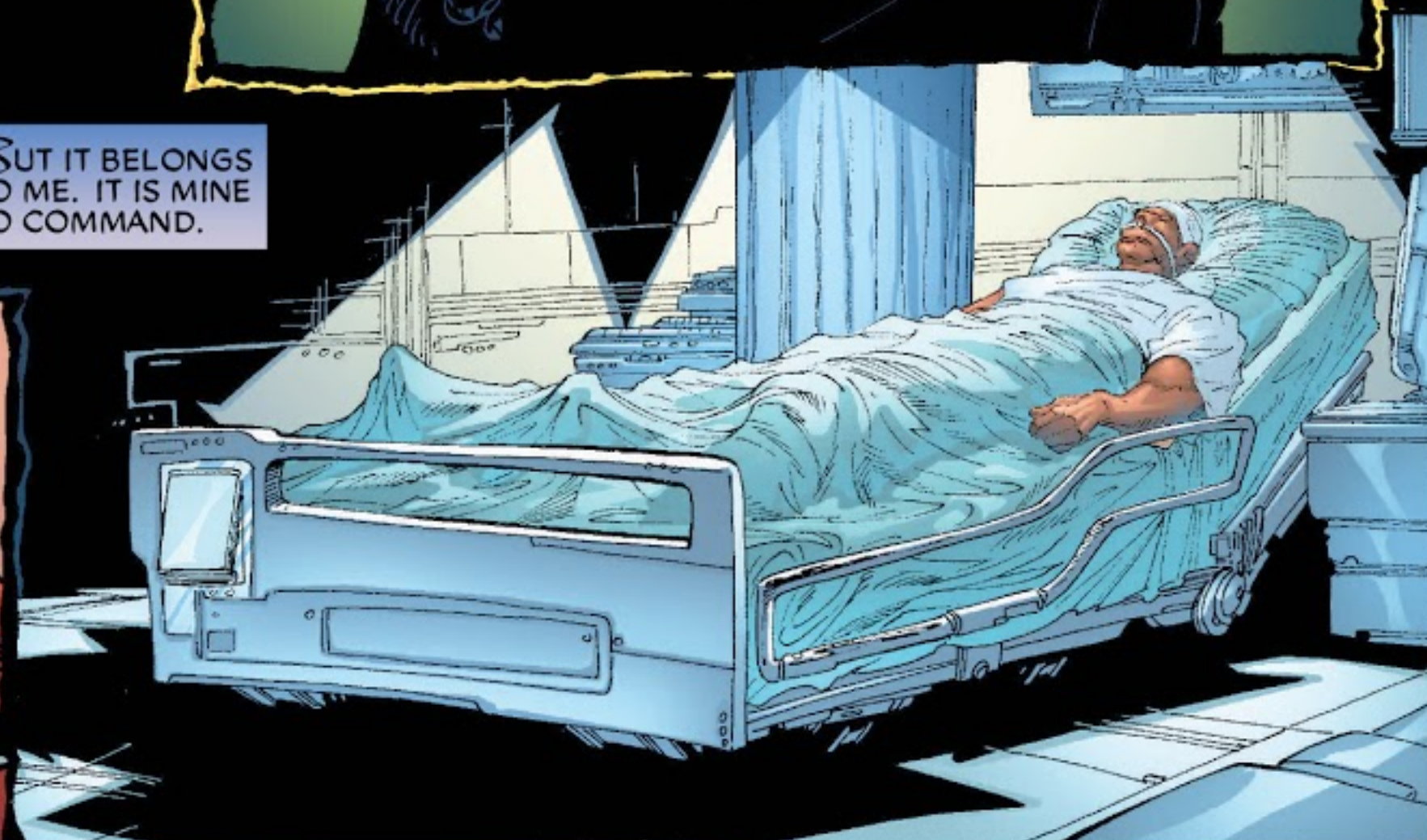
FASCINATING.



I AM A LOOM, WEAVING
A CLOAK OUT OF THE
VERY NIGHT FROM
WHICH I TAKE MY NAME.

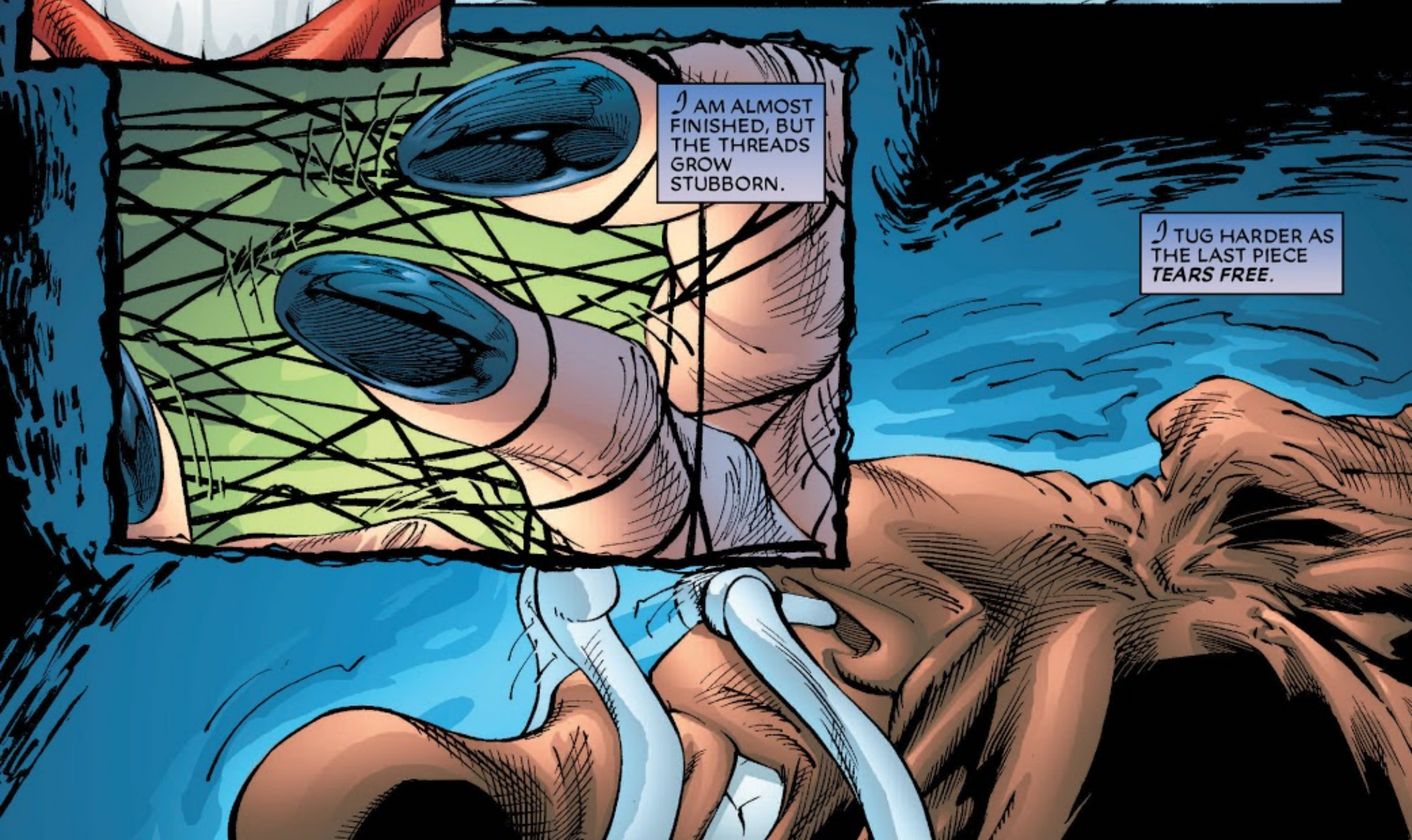
THE FABRIC GROWS BY INCHES
AND THEN BY FEET. I CAN FEEL IT
BEGIN TO MOVE AND UNDULATE
WITH A LIFE OF ITS OWN.

BUT IT BELONGS
TO ME. IT IS MINE
TO COMMAND.



I AM ALMOST
FINISHED, BUT
THE THREADS
GROW
STUBBORN.


I TUG HARDER AS
THE LAST PIECE
TEARS FREE.











YOU ARE
MORE
CLEVER THAN
I THOUGHT.
PERHAPS YOU
WILL SURVIVE
THIS
JOURNEY.

THIS BODY WHICH IS NOT
MINE MOVES TO MY WHIMS.
THIS POWER WHICH IS NOT MINE
SURGES THROUGH ITS LIMBS.

AS I MOVE WITH A STRENGTH
AND GRACE I NEVER THOUGHT
POSSIBLE, I REALIZE THERE IS
A **VOICE** INSIDE MY HEAD.



AND IT IS
NOT MINE.



FOLLOW.

IT IS DEEP AND
SONOROUS AS DISTANT
THUNDER. IT TAKES
A MOMENT BEFORE
I RECOGNIZE IT.

YOU ARE A
TRAITOR AND A
FOOL. HE WILL NEVER
FORGIVE SUCH
BETRAYAL.

SOONER
OR LATER, YOU
WILL HAVE TO FACE HIM.
AND THEN HE WILL
KILL YOU.

I
KNOW.



SO...
UH...WHERE
DO I GO
NOW?





THAT
WAS NOT
PART OF THE
BARGAIN.



GREAT.



THIS IS
HELL.

YOU WALK
WILLINGLY
INTO ETERNAL
DAMNATION
WITH STOLEN
POWER AND NO
GUIDE.

YOU ARE NOT
FRIGHTENED?



I
DIDN'T
SAY
THAT.

